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A SHROUD OF FIRE,

Or the Conflagration of the Yacht Eloise.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

The heaving waves are breaking around the vessel's prow,
Like clover-tufted meadow before the burnished plow,
And far behind her rudder the yeasty foam-suds spread
A swath of glowing bubbles with crimson prisms fed;
While sunset on the ocean the haloed west beguiles,
And budding stars make radiant the Summer sky with smiles.

Fair Nature, like a monarch, sinks into her placid rest,
And veils with sapphire mantle Old Neptune's rugged breast.
While strains of dulcet music are lost in ambient space,
Voluptuous forms are waltzing, in close and fond embrace,
Upon the polished deck beneath the press of snowy sail
That sweeps the gliding yacht along like scuds before the gale.

And not a thought of danger spreads amidst the laughing throng,
Where popping corks keep unison with jest and genial song.
The sun retires behind the clouds that marge the purple sea,
While in the east the crescent moon, careering roguishly,
Upreara her horns to span the sky, and glint each billowy lip
With diamond beads along the wake that eddies from the ship.

There is one heart beneath the duck that bellies to the breeze
Which swells with high emotion as his partner's glance he sees.
Responding happ'ly to his hopes, which, hitherto, untold,
Have cherished been more richly far than El Dorado's gold.
Then eye meets eye, and lip greets lip, in one impassioned kiss
The unchained flood hath burst its bounds, and merged two souls in bliss—
Two happy souls, who little reck, while plighting love's first vow,
The ghastly shape, with scythe and glass, that haunts the vessel's bow.

But hark! A frantic cry is heard; the revelry is stilled;
Each flushing cheek is blanched with fear, each beating heart is thrilled;
Each quivering lip, each starting eye, is turned in wild amaze
Toward the forward hatch, whence shoots a vivid tongue of blaze.
And through the suffocating cloud, that from the hold uprears,
The moon and stars grow misty, like those lovers' eyes, with tears.

The flame shoots up, the sparks ascend towards the canvas white,
The tarry rigging woos the blaze and sparkles with delight.
The crew are fighting fire among the revlers filled with fear,
Whose shrieks and oaths and groans and prayers are horrible to hear.
The crackling spars rain fiery shafts upon the fr'ightened rout,
The boats from off their davits loosed are hastily got out.
But burdened to the gunnel's edge with inmates close confined,
The scanty shells won't hold, alas! the palsied throng behind,
Who crowd the gangway, pleading loud with looks of wild dismay,
As from the burning vessel's side the stalwart crew give way.

Her raking masts and spars are twined with sparkling wreaths of fire,
A sombre cloud enshrouds her like a Hindoo widow's pyre;
While outward from her sturdy frame the spurting flame-tongues play,
The rolling, foaming billows that flash in red array,
Appear the glowing pit of hell, which gaps and yawns to seize
The white-faced ones abandoned on the fated Eloise.

"I will not leave thee, Eloise," the gallant castain said,
While wringing hard the first mate's hand, who shrank with drooping head;
"Good-bye, old boy, and don't forget to tell my darling wife
Her husband stuck to duty, though he thereby lost his life!"

His voice broke down, his heart was full, all utterance was denied,
Nor could his comrade answer, as he sadly left the side;
No words of parting greeting from boats or vessel sped,
As silently the crew rowed off, as if all hands were dead.
"Great God!" How wild the captain's look. "How thoughtless I have been;
God send it be not yet too late to save the magazine!"
He hastens to the after-hatch; alas! the fates decree,
"Ye battened down!" His ghastly look is terrible to see.
"Too late! Too late!" he wildly gasps; "the flame's already there!"
And, trembling like an aspen leaf, sinks down in blanking despair:

"Too late! too late!" the echo wails, in monotone refrain,
A flash! a crash! a water spout! No signs of yacht remain!
Ah me, young love, how briefly lived, to perish like a sigh!
The pleasure trip hath been thy birth—thou wert but born to die.

THE LAPIDARY OF NUREMBERG:

A WONDERFUL CHRONICLE,

Compiled from the Manuscripts of a Patient in Bedlam,

AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Wilfred, with a decided genius for his late calling, added up the situation of affairs like an adept. In the first place, the inn was a considerable distance from the main road, and there were too few persons connected with the house to warrant more than a slight trade. In the hostler, he had a low-browed boy of ungainly make—who appeared to have no other purpose in life than to pull at a shock of red hair, and duck obesiance whenever he ran against any of the newly arrived guests—were the only visible attendants, aside from the landlord and his wife. For Wilfred to arrive at the conclusion that there was some hidden mystery behind the scenes was only the work of a moment. If the landlord had other means of making a livelihood, it was none of Wilfred's business so long as Monsieur the Prefect was satisfied. Marseilles he had learned the lesson that a detective is licensed to inquire from the general public for information, though in the presence of his superiors he should observe the commandment—hear and obey.

As soon as the old gentleman in the white neckcloth had been escorted to his room under the fostering care of the landlord, Monsieur the Inspector took great care to insinuate himself into the good graces of the hostler; and as a preliminary introduction to that useful member of society, he playfully held up to view, between his thumb and forefinger, a five-franc piece, and asked the hostler if he knew what it meant. The man scratched his ear, gave a broad grin, and responded:

"Monsieur desires me to use dispatch."

"Why don't you make your fortune solving riddles?" said the inspector, highly pleased. "Time is precious with me, and a moment's delay will interfere with my plans. You are aware of my position." The hostler made a respectful bow. "Ah! you are a model of intelligence, and I appreciate talent in any station of life. We are allowed half an hour here for refreshments and a fresh relay of horses. Do your part of the performance in twenty minutes, and I shall duplicate this coin for your benefit. Use celerity, and you earn ten francs in ten minutes. Phew! I only wish I was under such a salary, and it would not be many years before I would start a bank, and, if I continued lucky, die a millionaire."

The hostler promised to do his best, and Monsieur the Inspector, satisfied that the man would earn the ten francs, repaired to the house to discuss his supper, for which pleasure he allowed himself precisely five minutes and a quarter.

Wilfred Shaw's first care was to look after Cœsus. The animal was tired and hungry enough; but, after enjoying a liberal meal, he seemed eager for a fresh start, as if his instinct had told him the character of the business the party were engaged in, and he realized that there was no time for delay. Fearing the dog would be lamed ere they reached their journey's end, Wilfred took occasion to remind the inspector that Cœsus was undoubtedly a detective whose services would soon be in demand, and therefore was entitled to a place inside the coach, unless, indeed, there could be room made for him with the driver. Monsieur the Inspector thought Wilfred deserved the highest commendation for his humane idea. The driver, who stabled in the Faubourg St. Antoine, had no objection to dogs, as a general thing; and, in fact, was rather partial to their company, when they were of the fighting breed. On more than one occasion he had been heard to boast of the prowess of a bull-terrier of which he was the lawful possessor; and those who knew him best could vouch for his having often lunched on a sandwich, while his pet animal dined on a pound or two of beef of good quality. Considering Cœsus as decidedly game, though rather proud and above his business, he had no objection to share his seat with him for the remainder of the journey.

When Wilfred had arranged everything for the comfort of his favorite, he took a survey of the taproom, where he found that the sombre gendarme had already disposed of his third glass of brandy. He was seated at a side-table, and seemed oblivious to every surrounding object save his drink, which ever and anon he tossed off with the cranklike movement of an automaton. Two rustics, who were playing a game of dominoes at an opposite table, grew fearful that some mischief was brewing, because he never winked or took his eyes off them for a single moment. His stern stare seemed to imply: "I have added you up, my fine fellows. Dominoes are a very good stall, but I am up to such chaff, and shall take you into custody presently." Wilfred thought there never was such a gendarme born of woman before. He resembled a piece of machinery that was only waiting to be wound up by the master mechanic, when it would proceed to perform further duty. Like the sentinel of Pompeii, the gendarme had the firmness to die at his post, whether his aggressors came against him in the form of armies or of earthquakes. His only weakness was brandy, and the liquor never seemed to make any impression on his nerves of steel. Like those who become fair-skinned and fatten on arsenic, Achilles never appeared in better condition, or more fit for great emergencies, than when primed to the very moustache with his favorite beverage. The worst enemies of Achilles never disputed his bravery, though they may have doubted his prudence. If Monsieur the Prefect had given him an order, however desperate—such as charging a battalion or storming a fortress, single-handed—he would have made the attempt. History verifies the fact of one man having taken a fort occupied by a large number of the enemy, and every scholar knows the story of Horatius Cocles by heart.

Wilfred Shaw added Achilles up, and found that the quotient consisted in a word of four syllables—Obedience. This was certainly a very fine trait, and likely, when joined to a wooden head, nerves of steel, and a heart susceptible only to good victuals and brandy, to render the gendarme oblivious to fear or danger.

"This automaton has no sentiment," mused the newly appointed detective, "and, I am willing to bet a guinea, never parsed the verb Love."

As to the old gentleman in the white neckcloth and green spectacles, Wilfred never deviated for a moment from the theory that he was some venerable surgeon, under orders from Monsieur the Prefect to dissect the rascally confederate of Jacques Legendre. The journey was long and tedious, and the passengers found little relief in Monsieur the Inspector's whistle. If a person dined every day for a month or two on turkey and truffles, those dainty dishes would finally quell the best appetite, and plainer fare would prove more acceptable. The whistling of Monsieur the Inspector, though evidently a source of recreation and amusement to the performer, soon grew dull and monotonous to the hearers. However, he made no pretensions to being a first-class artist in that line. Even if his role had happily combined the sweetest symphonies of the grand opera, rendered with the most startling effect, the audience would ultimately grow weary, and probably say to themselves: "This Monsieur the Inspecter is a genius, and a superb whistler; but we are absolutely surfeited with too much of a good thing."

On the contrary, the venerable old gentleman's forte throughout the journey thus far was silence, and Wilfred could not remember that he had ever before met with so unsociable a man of science. The green spectacles and white neckcloth marked a surgeon surely; and even a short lecture on amputation, or a knotty discussion on the jugular (the purpose they had in view prompting such ideas), would have relieved the dull monotony of the road. At supper he did not make his appearance, and the rosy-cheeked landlady informed the other guests that Monsieur did not wish to be disturbed until the very moment that the coach was ready to start. The table was consequently laid for only three, although choice edibles enough had been prepared to feast double the number. Everything was of the best, and for once the larder of a French inn was not belied. The viands within the reach of the indomitable gendarme disappeared with astonishing celerity, creating a kind of famine in the vicinity of his plate, and proving that his powers of digestion were as undisturbed by solids as by liquids. Wilfred Shaw enjoyed his food like a true Briton, the journey and its attendant fatigues having given him a famous apetite, though he remained a long distance behind his automaton rival. Monsieur the Inspector seemed to think the wing of a broiled chicken and a slice of thin toast sufficient to invigorate his frame.

The time required to discuss these dainties was precisely five minutes and a quarter. The hostler fairly earned his promised perquisite, and the coach was ready at the door, Cœsus, by the direction of his humane master, having a share of the coachman's seat. The wants of the driver of the Faubourg St. Antoine had been seen to as well as those of his betters. He gave the hostler (fast friends, on the principle of "birds of a feather") the pleasing information that he had dined in the kitchen like a prince, while he remembered no former occasion when he had tucked so much good provender under his waistcoat. He also, in a confidential tone, informed his new friend of his having snatched a kiss from the cook, and of his having made arrangements for future favors. The laugh the hostler gave at this joke of Faubourg St. Antoine's was a decided failure, which fact the latter immediately noticed, and likewise the gratified air with which he asserted much against the handsome lady's mind, as she was engaged to wed a man whom she loved better than her peepers." At this announcement the delighted hostler immediately invited Faubourg St. Antoine, who labored under a look of indifferent innocence, to try a glass of eau-de-vie, and would take no denial.

Achilles stuck to the table as long as there was any food within the circumference of his arms, and then, having whisked up all the stray crumbs, articulated "Brandy!" Having gulped down a tumbler full, he rolled, with military precision marched to the door, and stood there like the sentinel of Pompeii, awaiting further orders.

There had been a great deal of care displayed in getting the old gentleman in the white neckcloth and green spectacles out of the coach; but it was a herculean task to get him in again. Tons, representing double before, on the present occasion he appeared to have entirely lost his powers of locomotion, and it required the united efforts of Monsieur the Inspector and Achilles to lift him bodily into the great seat he was to occupy. Wilfred and the gendarme occupied their old positions. The time was up, and Monsieur the Inspector, after giving Faubourg St. Antoine his counsels in a whisper, jumped aboard with the agility of an acrobat:

"Proceed!"

And the horses, whipped to a run, whirled the coach along through the gloomy shadows of the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

STORMING MONSIEUR BLANK'S CASTLE.

Wilfred Shaw passed a sleepless night. His spirits were by no means being soothed by "The Marseillaise" or any other inspiring air. As a purpose beneficial to one's health, he might have remonstrated with Monsieur the Inspector, had he not thought such a proceeding would be a dereliction of duty. Why the old gentleman, in his feeble state of health, stood the infliction of Monsieur the Inspector's whistle without murmuring, was past his comprehension. As for the automaton gendarme, it is probable he would have perceived no difference, whether his slumbers were soothed by Monsieur the Inspector's whistle or by a trombone. A heavy thunderclap might have disturbed his sleep sufficiently to extort a gruff "Come in!" the sound causing the effect of an imaginary visitor knocking at the imaginary door of the private apartment of Monsieur Achilles; but ere the echo died away he would be off again.

The night was a moonless one, and the stars were obscured by heavy clouds threatening a fall of rain. The coach having left the main road to Limoges a short distance from Paris, and the driver being unacquainted with the route, he was often obliged to bring his horses to a halt and inquire how to proceed. Monsieur the Inspector seemed to see as well by darkness as by daylight, possibly, he could have threaded the Egyptian Labyrinth and made nothing of the puzzle. When the driver received the information he required—Monsieur the Inspector always taking the precaution to stop the coach, dismount, and deliver his instructions in a whisper—Faubourg St. Antoine would urge his team to do their best, and the pace at which they rattled away through the darkness and gloom might have rendered nervous any passengers in France save those he had in charge. How the old gentleman in the white neckcloth, whom almost anyone would have looked upon as a positive martyr to gout, stood the terrible jolting and jarring of the coach without a murmur, was something beyond Wilfred Shaw's comprehension. He was himself a sufferer, but the pangs he endured were mere molehills compared with mountains, when placed in the scale against that venerable personage's tortures. If monsieur had given an occasional murmur, or had relieved the terrible monotony of the scene with a chorus of groans, the newly fledged detective would have felt highly refreshed by the change. All was dullness, inanity, apart from the noise of the coach-wheels, the whistle of the inspector, and the double-bass snores belching forth from the gendarme's nostrils like winds, long pent up, suddenly rushing from the mouth of a cavern.

To treat with the appetite of a giant, and sleep like one of the Seven Champions of Christendom when those valiant knights were unfortunate enough to fall into the power of the enchanter, were Achilles' favorite pastimes when not on duty. If Monsieur the Inspector had whispered in his ear, "There is danger ahead in the shape of a volcano ready to burst forth and swamp the coach in a flood of lava!" he would have given a grunt of acquiescence and have slumbered on. Monsieur the Prefect had given him his appointment to arrest not the troublesome offspring of an earthquake, but thieves, forgers, and assassins. And yet, were the Inspector to make a criminal lurking behind a hedge the theme of his conversation, instead of a volcano, Achilles would have started into life and activity in an instant. Such was the mighty force of discipline among the Parisian police.

Just as day was breaking there appeared in view a small village, comprised of some twenty or thirty houses and a large factory, from the tall chimney of which smoke was rising even at that early hour. Wilfred noticed that, for the first time since they had left Paris, Monsieur the Inspector seemed irritated, perhaps a trifle nervous. He told the driver to walk the horses, while he perused a pocket-map for a few moments with the closest attention. His mind was evidently relieved after the investigation, for he murmured to himself:

"It is not so bad as I expected, after all."

Then, not taking the trouble to dismount and give the driver his information privately, as heretofore, he thrust his head out of the window and said cheerfully:

"Take the road to the right hand just before you reach the village; and if you can persuade your horses to spin off ten miles by sunrise, I promise you a generous perquisite in the shape of a good breakfast and a pourboire. Ha! ha! Go!"

To Monsieur the Inspector's kind offer Faubourg St. Antoine responded with the usual chirrup, and gave his whip a sharp crack as an admonition to the horses that speed was indispensable to a person of his superior abilities. As the team did not lag upon the road, the latter part of his assertion was by no means a boast, and within the hour was pulled up in front of an isolated farm-house. The place had a dreary and deserted appearance, as though it had lacked a tenant for a considerable time. Thorns and thistles choked the once beautiful dooryard, and the house itself seemed to have lacked a coat of paint ever since the dynasty of Louis Philippe. The nearest dwelling was at least half a league distant; and had Wilfred Shaw been a believer in ghosts or apparitions that dark and cloudy morning, he would have decided immediately that there never was a more congenial place for things so unseemly to congregate. Achilles, however, with military precision marched to the door, and stood there like the sentinel of Pompeii, awaiting further orders.

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A LION TAMER'S LAST FIGHT WITH THE LIONS.

"It is not so bad as I expected, after all."

Then, not taking the trouble to dismount and give the driver his information privately, as heretofore, he thrust his head out of the window and said cheerfully:

"Take the road to the right hand just before you reach the village; and if you can persuade your horses to spin off ten miles by sunrise, I promise you a generous perquisite in the shape of a good breakfast and a pourboire. Ha! ha! Go!"

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Monsieur the Inspector, possibly tired with the din his efforts had created, left off knocking, and applied himself to the vicinity of the bell-rope with more marvelous; but the key was straight in the lock, and consequently his attempted inspection of the hall was a decided failure. He straightened up, whistled a bar from "The Marseillaise," and said significantly:

"Achilles, your services are required."

The automaton was by his side in an instant: his strides toward duty were always gigantic.

"Monsieur Blank is pleased to play the part of Harlequin in a chest," said Monsieur the Inspector. "I hope he enjoys the fun, but it will be my turn presently. Achilles, I dispatched a special courier to this place, and ordered everything ready for our reception. Unless monsieur is dead and buried, I am confident he is in the house and listening to my oration. It has always been my endeavor to impress my audience with the briefest of paragraphs. Monsieur Blank will be warned that we have no old mansion for an indefinite time, but a fortunate note from "The Marseillaise" caught his ear and caused him to descend until he found Monsieur the Inspector in the cellar, cheerfully whistling, and superintending Gretchen's endeavors as a cook. Wilfred thought he was a most horribly ridiculous sive a woman. She merely gave a casual glance at the new intruder upon her privacy, and kept on frying omelettes. She never disobeyed Papa Lambert's orders, and since their marriage of convenience the mountebank had always been master of the situation.

"The horses are fed," said Wilfred: "and though the stable leaks badly, I managed to find a couple of dry stalls."

"Very good."

"Have you any further commands at present?"

"Only to remain here till we dine. It may be beneficial for a detective to learn how to fry omelettes."

CHAPTER XV.

INTERIOR OF THE MOUNTEBANK'S CASTLE.

"She is as deaf as a post, and as mad as a Marchhare," said Monsieur the Inspector to Wilfred, behind Gretchen's back; "but do not let her see your lips move, if you have anything of importance to say to me. Though deaf, she is cunning, and I consider her dangerous. She understands Papa Lambert's orders and obeys them, which is rather a mystery, considering how easy it is for an apothecary to make a mistake in doing up a prescription. Shiver my whiskers!" continued Monsieur the Inspector in his soliloquial strain, and perfectly carried away with Gretchen's fine points, "the dear, delightful Papa Lambert must have had a sweet time after the honeymoon was over. For my part, I would rather tame a tigress. His recipe must be valuable; and when I make up my mind to get married I strongly think it would be advisable to learn his system. Horses all right, eh?"

"Yes, Monsieur the Inspector; but Cœsus is terribly hungry, and I usually see to his wants before I attend to my own."

"Which fact does you honor, and shows you have the bump of humanity largely developed. Take my word for it, his dogship shall not suffer for food or drink while on official duty. Where is he at present?"

"Standing guard on the back piazza, in company with Achilles. After we have dined, I should like to have some practice with Cœsus out in the open fields, unless Monsieur the Inspector has other duties for me to perform."

"None at present. I think your idea a good one, and you can amuse yourself until we are ready to start for Limoges. As for myself, I shall not leave the house, for fear Doctor Balthazar might need my attendance at a moment's warning; and besides, I have a genuine desire to superintend Gretchen's manner of cooking."

Wilfred Shaw smiled incredulously at this last remark. Nothing could be more nonsensical than to believe that so important a personage was interested in an old woman's culinary skill in order to spur his appetite. There was not a particle of the gourmand in Monsieur the Inspector's disposition, and the sputtering of the fat, added to the smoke of the kitchen, rendered the situation decidedly unpleasant. Monsieur the Inspector was one of the most observing of men, and the calling which he followed had often proved him to be one of the wisest students of Lavater. Consequently, Wilfred's thoughts were duplicated in the inspector's glance.

"She is about to look this way," he muttered, hardly above a whisper, and then continued to speak in a louder key: "Yes, Monsieur Shaw, I do insist that the Champs Elysees need repaving sadly; for, though once noted as an immoral thoroughfare, a mere million or two—ah! what delicious perfume in her cookery again—and I am constrained to inquire if you, as a careful detective, have thoroughly perused 'The Criminal Calendar of France?'"

"No, monsieur. Aside from the wonderful history of Arnaud du Silh and Martin Guiere, which, I flatter myself, is indelibly impressed on my memory, I have not read a page of the work in question."

The inspector gave Wilfred a glance implying: This novice has a rare treat in store, and he is worthy of being astonished.

"A very quaint and curious story, Monsieur Shaw, but far from being as unique and startling as the records concerning a fair lady, the beautiful Marchioness Brinvillers. I have seen her portrait," continued the inspector, carefully paring his nails with a knive, which was very sharp, and one of the minutest specimens of its kind; "and this bijou"—and the knife on the nail of his thumb and finger for Wilfred's inspection—"was one of the handsome toys found in her dressing-case when she was obliged to take sanctuary. She was handsome, and possessed a wealth of golden curls and a complexion that combined the bloom of the lily and the rose, and that would have rendered her a beauty. Now, Monsieur the Prefect and myself have our suspicions, but would like them confirmed. Convicts are proverbial for lying, and 'honor among thieves' is a term that sounds well enough in a romance, but is scarcely ever proved in reality. I must take your acquaintance with the case for, provided Jacques Legendre's story is true, I shall expect you this night to conduct our party to the hayrick where we slept when we journeyed to Limoges."

The language was fearfully hieroglyphic to canine ears, and Cœsus smelt the case over and over again without giving any indication, by either bark or growl, that he understood his master's meaning.

"Cœsus," said Wilfred all of a sudden, "be reasonable, and collect your senses. I only wish you understood Arabic, so I could read you the wonderful story of Sidi Norman in the original. I have to draw on, or what is known as "the office" in technical phraseology, by which the beasts are taught to regard that line as a limit beyond which the performer must not pass, knowing, if he does so, the consequences to be expected are most dangerous. The presumption is that this line was overstepped. The "office" having been passed, Macearte, who was attired as a Roman gladiator, was returning his falchon to its sheath, and, slipping, fell upon the floor of the den.

"Tyrant" fastened on him, seizing him by the haunches, and then the African lion fastened on to his armless shoulder. Macearte immediately called upon the keepers for help, and meanwhile to fire. He then drew the short Roman blade which formed part of his costume, and commenced fighting desperately with the lion "Tyrant," thrusting the sword into its face, mouth, and eyes. The crowd, as is usual in such cases, crowded panic-stricken around, and effectually prevented the approach of the men who were used to the habits of the animals. The shouts of the audience, the desperate and manful struggle of the fated man, and the smell of the blood which was streaming from Macearte, incited the other animals, and their savage instinct was awakened.

A third lion—an Abyssinian one—seized him by the ribs; and then a five-year-old lion, and an especial favorite of the lion-tamer, caught him by the head, literally scalping him, the flesh falling down his neck. The treacherous favorite had no sooner accomplished this work than he returned quietly to his corner. The deadly struggle progressed, and Mr. Birchall, who had from the first been most active, placed iron scrapers in the fires to heat them. Pistols and guns were discarged, but, unfortunately, were only loaded with blank cartridge, and the blazing of gunpowder failed to drive the animals from their quarry. The police went in generous haste, and with a full appreciation of the danger of the man, to the neighboring shows, where firearms could be obtained, and returned after a minute's delay; but that delay seemed an age, and the toy weapons that are used at rifle galleries were discharged in rapid succession. Meanwhile the irons were heated; an iron shutter to seperate the animals in the cage when an opportunity offered was in readiness, and Mr. Birchall and an assistant succeeded in beating off three of the animals, the fifth, having in the meantime scented and tasted the blood which streamed out of the carriage, adding his fangs to those which had already played such havoc with the human form prostrate before them. The sliding door was pushed in; three of the lions being driven away with hot irons, were separated; and then the lion that had seized Maccarte by the shoulder was driven into a corner. The shutter was partially opened to drive him among the others, when a fourth infuriated beast seized Maccarte just above the boot, and dragged him in again among them.

Then the frightful work went on for a few sickening and horrifying moments, every person present fearing to see him torn to pieces. Hot irons were now available, and, the brutes being driven off by these most terrifying weapons, the poor, almost pulseless piece of humanity was rescued too late from the place it was fated he never more should enter. He sustained sufficient sensibility to speak to his warm-hearted colleagues a few faint words, praying them not to take him away to receive medical aid, as he knew that he was a dead man. His anxious friends carried him tenderly, although they might have guessed that their efforts would too soon prove to be fruitless, to the infirmary, where, after a few moments, he breathed his last, after muttering some incoherent sentences. Mr. Moore, the house surgeon, with his assistants, were on the spot, and every available appliance that could be suggested was ready for use; but the poor "gladiator" had been "wounded unto death," and had passed beyond the reach of pharmacy. As the shattered frame was born past Mrs. Manders, he faintly waved his hand and gave her an expressive look, which conveyed the words that he was past all hope of aid.

From inquiry at the infirmary it appeared that the only arm the deceased had was streaked with deep gashes from the shoulder to the hand. The scalp was torn right back; and from the hips to the knees, where he was seized from behind, the muscles were completely torn out, leaving the skin in the condition, as it were, of an empty bag. There were pieces of flesh gone from the ribs; and the bones of the pelvis, which are the strongest in the human frame, had pieces bitten clean out.

Many of the shots fired entered the bodies of the animals, and they received great injuries before they were driven off their prey. The lion "Tyrant" was three and a half years old, and had been brought up from a whelp by Mrs. Manders. The animal having been a favorite, it was, during the early days of its training, allowed to run about that portion of the caravan used as a habitation, and it freely gamboled with its mistress.

MIGRATORY HOUSES.—We have just seen this account in a newspaper of this city, dated 1846, of several migrations of buildings here. "We have at the corner of Grand street and Broadway, a large mansion, formerly the country seat of a resident of this city, that, some years since, stood on a hill in the open country, forty feet above the street below. One side of John street, from Broadway to Nassau street, has been bodily moved back fifteen feet, without injury to any of the buildings. At the late improvements in William street, a frame house was sold, and moved from its locality there into an adjoining street, being the third journey it has made since its first erection! Another church was removed from Murray street, steeple and all, to Astor place. The immense block of brick buildings at the east corner of Ann and Nassau streets, has been bodily raised, and a basement and range of stores built under it. Two houses in Chambers street have lately had two full floors erected under what was originally the first floor; and several houses in Broadway, near Broome street, were not only raised two stories, but built up two stories more over the roofs. No day passes in the city or suburbs that houses may not be observed crossing some roads, traveling down others, or taking their journeys backwards or forwards, as the improvement of the locality shall suggest to their enterprising proprietors. Although we should much rather see new buildings taking the places of the old fabrics thus moved, yet we award our full meed of praise to the ingenuity and enterprise exhibited."

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

Thoughts suggested to the writer by an incident observed in travelling on a railway car.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. J. WALLACE.

A snort! a jolt! a bell and a squeal!
A shout! a slam! and the creaking wheel;
A faint ray of light from the opening afar,
And the journey's begun on a railway car.
Let us stop for a moment and look through the train
At expressions of sorrow, of pleasure or pain,
That tell on each face, like a polar star,
That life's but a type of a railway car.

We start on life's journey 'mid bustle and strife,
And each one is struggling for something in life—
Something to gain, something to pay,
Something to trifle and fritter away.
While each station marks the close of a day.
How strange are our thoughts as we hurry along!
There's content in repose, 'mid fragments of song;
Yonder's a doctor, with polish and grace;
And yonder's a lawyer, with ferret-like face;
Yonder's a student, with pale, hollow cheek,
And yonder a parson, too modest to speak;
Beside him an actor, deep in a play,
And thinking, perhaps, of salary day;
Yonder's a mother, with meek, gentle eye,
And yonder an artisan, active and spry;
Yon bride has set out for her new home afar,
'Tis her first joyous trip on the railway car.

And thus do we bustle and hurry along,
'Mid squealing and jolting, 'mid rattle and song,
'Mid science and sharpness, 'mid truth and 'mid cant,
'Mid love and 'mid pleasure, 'mid study and rant;
Ne'er pausing to think at the close of each day
That somebody's darling was lost on the way;
But weary and worn, and if the biller don't bust,
You find out at last you're nothing but dust!

THE LION-TAMER'S LAST STRUGGLE.

The illustration on this page depicts a terrible scene which took place at a menagerie in Bolton, Eng. Attached to the show was a man named Thomas Maccarte, whose professional appellation was "Massarti the Lion-tamer," and he, at this performance, entered the lions' den for the last time. Maccarte was a young man not more than thirty-four years old, but he had been associated with traveling exhibitions of this kind from a very early period. He had had stern experience that ought to have taught him caution; he had previously lost an arm when performing with Messrs. Bell & Myer's circus, at Liverpool. He had before been trained by Messrs. Batty as a lion-tamer, and then, having joined them for a short time, he was engaged by the late Mr. Manders to succeed Maccomo. He was a very bold and adventurous man, and had been frequently cautioned respecting his rashness. The unfortunate man commenced his performances when he was hardly in a proper condition to do so; and, having exhibited the gorilla and the serpents, he entered the lions' den. At this time, it is calculated, 500 or 600 persons were present, and the five lions in the den were put through their performances with the usual success and applause. On all general occasions heated bars of iron and iron scrapers are in readiness, but on this fatal evening the matter had been neglected. The five lions were all powerful animals, and the unfortunate man, on entering the cage, noticed that a black-maned African lion—which had only so recently as the previous Monday bitten his hand—appeared very restive. He consequently fixed his eyes on it, and this in some degree diverted his attention from an Asiatic lion know by the name of "Tyrant," against whom he had been cautioned only that morning to keep carefully to his instructions. It is necessary here to note that when performing lions are tamed there is a line drawn, or what is known as "the office" in technical phraseology, by which the beasts are taught to regard that line as a limit beyond which the performer must not pass, knowing, if he does so, the consequences to be expected are most dangerous. The presumption is that this line was overstepped. The "office" having been passed, Macarte, who was attired as a Roman gladiator, was returning his falchon to its sheath, and, slipping, fell upon the floor of the den.

"Tyrant" fastened on him, seizing him by the haunches, and then the African lion fastened on to his armless shoulder. Macarte immediately called upon the keepers for help, and meanwhile to fire. He then drew the short Roman blade which formed part of his costume, and commenced fighting desperately with the lion "Tyrant," thrusting the sword into its face, mouth, and eyes. The crowd, as is usual in such cases, crowded panic-stricken around, and effectually prevented the approach of the men who were used to the habits of the animals. The shouts of the audience, the desperate and manful struggle of the fated man, and the smell of the blood which was streaming from Maccarte, incited the other animals, and their savage instinct was awakened.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

DE SOTO.—The publication of your well-intentioned communication would have the effect to overwhelm us with replies; none of which could, consistently, be received. A long personal acquaintance with many of that class of performers justifies our belief that each considers his own ideas the best, and any gratuitous advice they would resent as an interference not to be tolerated, no matter how valuable that advice might be. Some of your suggestions are certainly worthy of deep consideration, and could you condense them into brief space, we should endeavor to find room for them at some future time.

C. E. F., Wayland.—"A and B are playing backgammon. A's home table is full, and B's men are so placed that A's two men which are in B's table cannot get out of the table on any throw; B has one man up. It is A's play, table on any throw; B has one man up. It is A's play, table on any throw; B has one man up. It is A's play,

Joseph O'Dwyer; vice president, Charles Christol; recording secretary, W. J. Kenay; financial secretary, W. H. O'Dwyer; treasurer, L. R. Quinn; captain, Richard L. Neville; lieutenant, William Walsh; coxswain, Gerald McLaughlin; trustees, Messrs. Sweeney, Perry and Rasold.

STONE vs. GERSTEL.—Facts and figures purely. George T. Stone and Joseph Gerstel, a few evenings ago, at the Sturvetant House, in this city, played two games of three-ball caroms, for $20 a side each. Gerstel won both. Howard of Boston is credited with having been the backer of Stone. The room is a new one, and Major F. S. Jones is in charge.

THE GEORGE MCCLOUD ASSOCIATION held a meeting Jan. 5, at which the following officers were elected: President, Herman Sieke; vice-president, John Anderson; corresponding secretary, Lewis E. Hoey; recording secretary, Malachi Grady; treasurer, Stephen Meachin; sergeant-at-arms, Geo. J. Naples.

GERSTEL vs. GUILLET.—Joseph Gerstel is looking forward to a match with Amadee Guillet of the Eastern Hotel room, this city, for $500 a side. The confident anticipation is that Amadee will give Joseph the odds of 100 in 500 at three-ball caroms.

A RISING PLAYER.—The patriarchal Peter D. Braisted, Jr., has at his rooms in Fourth avenue a youngster who, he thinks, will soon be able to make a full score against anybody. And William Sexton is his name.

AN OFF-HAND SCULLERS' RACE, for £15 a side, between Frank Kilsby and W. Hamleton, was rowed on the Thames, Eng., from Putney to Mortlake, Dec. 29. The former quickly went to the front, and finally won handily.

ROBERT FULTON, stroke-oar of the Paris crew, was on Christmas presented with an elegant silver tea-service by his admirers at Digby, N. B.

THE TURF.

THE BOARD OF APPEALS.
Official Decisions.

The Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association continues to "drag its slow length along" in the rendering of its decisions in the cases brought before them for adjudication at the meeting this day in the early part of December last. Of the thirty-four cases on the new docket then brought before them, decisions were rendered in eleven at the time, and now after the expiration of four weeks, the Board announces two more; so that at this rate of progress in the twelve months will have to elapse before the calendar is clear. The injury and annoyance to those interested in the cases yet to be adjudicated upon, arising from suspense, is great, especially when it is considered that in the majority of those cases the Board have already rendered decisions, but delay making them public. The cases now decided are:

J. W. Clark vs. *The Pittsburgh Driving Park.*—An appeal to the Board for reinstatement and to rescind sentence of expulsion for nonpayment of entrance money. The circumstances in the case are as follows: In the Summer of 1872, J. W. McKee, the proprietor of the Pittsburgh Driving Park, advertised his first annual trotting meeting, and among the purses offered was one of $1,000, for 3:00 horses, to be trotted Sept. 10 and another of $1,000, for 2:40 horses, to be trotted Sept. 12. Mr. Clark authorized his bay mare Kate Campbell to be entered in the 3:00 purse, which was done; but afterwards Mr. McKee declared that he met a Mr. Van Voorhis, a friend of Clark's, who told him that the latter (Clark) wanted the entry changed from the 3:00 purse to the 2:40 purse, as the mare was not quick enough for the former, and that, consequently, he did make the change of entry requested. Mr. Clark contended that he never authorized anyone to make such change of entry from the 3:00 class to the 2:40 class, and refused to pay the entrance money, and did not start her in either race. By order of McKee, Mr. Clark and his mare were suspended for nonpayment of entrance money in said 2:40 class, and official notice issued of such suspension by the National Association. Mr. Clark appealed from that order, and deposited the amount claimed with the treasurer of the Association, by whom he was temporarily reinstated in June last. The Board, after hearing the evidence submitted, decided that there was no proof Mr. Clark had authorized Mr. Van Voorhees to transfer the entry; that it was a gross disregard of the rules for the proprietor of the track to make such transfer from one class to another, after the time had passed for the closing of the entries, and for this the Board fined him $50; and that although no party can be held responsible for payment of entrance money in a class not selected by himself or agent, yet the evidence raised a strong presumption that the bay mare Kate Campbell was on Aug. 31, 1872, ineligible to enter in a 3:00 class, that the matter must be continued to the next meeting of the Board for further investigation, before it shall be decided what disposition is to be made of the money Mr. Clark had deposited with the treasurer of the National Association, or what order should be made respecting Mr. Clark and his said mare.

Bauman vs. *Pittsburgh Driving Park.*—At the first annual meeting given by J. A. McKee, the proprietor of said track, held in Sept., 1872, among the purses were the following-wing: No. 1, $1,000 for 3:00 horses; No. 3, $1,000 for 2:50 horses; No. 4, $1,500 for 2:30 horses; and No. 6, $2,000 for 2:27 horses. Entries to close at 9 P.M., Aug. 31. On the day of closing the entries, Mr. Bauman telegraphed from Lancaster, O., to the proprietor: "Enter Gipsy Queen in class No. 3; Red Dick, class No. 4 and pay, and class No. 6, and pay if we start. Answer." The proprietor, in his published programme, entered Gipsy Queen in class No. 1, and Red Dick in class No. 4, neither appearing in any other class. Mr. Bauman refused to pay the entrance money demanded for these entries, because the proprietor did not send him the reply he requested, and, in consequence, Mr. McKee caused the Association to issue official notice of his suspension, along with his horses. The Board decided that although courtesy usually required a reply when such request was made, an omission to send such reply is not to be construed into a rejection of the entry, nor will such omission invalidate the proprietor's claim for the entrance fee; that the entry of Gipsy Queen in class No. 1 was not authorized by Mr. Bauman, and he is not liable for entrance money to that class; that he is liable to the entrance money ($150) of Red Dick in class No. 4; and that upon payment of the said $150, with interest, to the proprietor and payment of the penalty due the National Association on the same, said Bauman and his horses Red Dick and Gipsy Queen be reinstated.

THE WITHERS STAKES ENTRIES.—Last season the American Jockey Club announced their intention of opening a stake for three-year-old colts and fillies, of $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added, to be run on the first day of the Spring meeting of 1874. This not less than one week prior to the race for the Belmont Stakes; a dash of one mile. The entries for this stake for the current year, as well as for 1875, closed on Jan. 1. For the stake for 1874 there are thirty-one nominations, while for 1875 there are fifty-seven. The former includes all the best two and forming two-year old colts and fillies of last season, notably Mr. Morris' game little colt Battle Axe, the highbred son of Monday and Ruthless, who won the Kentucky Stakes and ran second to Steel Eyes for the Saratoga Stakes; Mr. Puryear's Grinstead, the winner of the Champagne Stakes at Jerome Park; Mr. Belmont's two flying daughters of Kentucky, Beatrice and Countess, who won the Hopeful and Thespian Stakes at Long Branch, and the Two-year-old Sweepstakes at Saratoga; also his colts King Amadeus and Steel Eye, both winners last season; Mr. Morris' Macaroon, who carried off the maiden Two-year old Purse at Jerome Park; Mr. Cottrill's Bay Rum, who won the Sloomb Stakes last month at New Orleans; and Col. McDaniels' slashing colt by Asteroid out of Sue Washington, who won two races at Jerome Park and Baltimore. Besides the above, in running our eye down the list, we find the names of Regardless, Dublin, Vaultress and Saxon, all winners last season. The entries for 1875 comprise ten by Leamington, six each by Lexington and Asteroid, four each by Enquirer and Australian, three each by Vandal and Gladiateur, two each by War Dance, Gilroy, Pat Mulloy, Lightning and Hurrah, while Narragansett, Abdelkader, Planet, Jerome Edgar, Bendsman, Marsyas, Star Davis, Plantagenet, Daniel Boone, Hiawatha and Hunter's Lexington have each a single representative. Coming, as this race does, just one week before the Belmont Stakes, it will afford a capital trial race for the latter more important contest, and the winner of the Withers Stakes will assuredly become a prominent favorite for the subsequent Three-year-old Stakes of the season.

DEATH OF A RACING TRAINER.—Turfmen throughout the United States will learn with regret of the death of the well-known young and promising racing trainer Mr. David Buckley, which occurred at Pimlico Race-course, Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 30. He was seized with inflammation of the bowels the week previous, which resulted fatally after nine days' illness. In the early part of his career David was connected with Col. McDaniels'-stable, and under that veteran trainer acquired a thorough knowledge of his profession. He was subsequently attached to the Nursery stable of Mr. A. Belmont as assistant trainer to Mr. Jacob Pincus, and on terminating that engagement he commenced business on his own account as public trainer. In the season of 1872 he purchased the four year-old filly Echo, by Australian out of Kate Hayes, and changing her name to Chickabiddy, made such improvement in her that the ensuing season she won two handicaps at the Baltimore Spring Meeting, and a selling race at Saratoga, where she was claimed by Mr. L. Bethune for the entered price, $1,000. He subsequently purchased of Mr. Crouse his promising young colt Culpepper, by Revolver out of Gentle Annie, for $1,000, and held him so highly that he fully anticipated carrying off many of the rich three-year-old stakes for which he was entered this season. He also owned the four-year-old filly by Australian out of Red Rose, and so highly were his professional ability and honesty estimated by turfmen that if he had lived a bright turf career was probably opening for him. He has left all his property to his mother, who resides at Madison, N. J., and his horses are now under the care of Hugh Gaffney, who has entered Culpepper in the Withers Stakes for 1874.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS RACER.—The once renowned racehorse Fleetwing, by Sailrowne out of Rhoda by Glencoe, died at Tyndale Farm, Indianapolis, Ind., recently, from disease of the kidneys. He was bred by Messrs. Forbes and Jerome in 1860, and his racing career extended from 1863 to 1870, a period of seven years. Most of the turfmen and race-goers of this section will remember old Fleetwing's struggles against Captain Moore, Aldebaran, Lodi, Arcola, Kentucky, Deerwood and others in races of two and three mile heats over the Paterson, Jerome Park and Saratoga courses. During his career he ran twenty-five races, won nine, and was second in three. He was a horse of unflinching gameness and great endurance; and when his racing career was over, he was purchased by Col. Harvey B. King of Colorado for the stud, to replace his previous unfortunate purchase, De Courcy, who was burned to death in a box-car on the railroad, while en route to the West. His produce are said to be of more than usual promise. We regret to add that his owner, Col. King, did not long survive him, having committed suicide in Denver City on Dec. 27, while under heavy mental depression, the result of pecuniary difficulties and shattered health. He was a native of the Keystone State, and some few years ago amassed a large fortune in successful oil speculations.

A LAWSUIT TO RECOVER POOL-MONEY.—Most of our racing readers will remember Miles Kelly's three-year-old gray filly Nellie Gray, that, in the Spring of 1870, came on here from Kentucky and captured the Ladies' Stakes at Jerome Park, and the Monmouth Oaks at Long Branch, beating with ease the best fillies of her year. She was then sold in the stable of General Abe Buford of Medway, Ky., and trained by him, he receiving one-half her winnings in purses and stakes as his remuneration. Miles K-lly now brings suit, for his wife, against the General for one-fourth interest in a pool of $3,600, which, it is alleged, the latter won on Nellie Gray at Long Branch. It is claimed that when the filly went into General Buford's stable there was an agreement that Mrs. Kelly was to have a fourth interest in the pools as well as in the purse winnings. When the suit was first brought the General met it with the defense that the money, even if won, was debarred by the gambling act. On second thoughts, however, having cooled down, he has amended his answer, and withdrawn that defense, believing that he can defeat the action on its merits. Racing men will regard with interest the progress and issue of this suit at law to recover pool-money.

FIRE AT FLEETWOOD PARK.—A fire broke out on Thursday night, the 9th inst., in the stables at Fleetwood Park Course, Morrisania, N. Y. It commenced in a shed adjoining Dan Mace's stables, and the well-known trotter Judge Fullerton was promptly removed out of danger. The New York Fire Department was soon at work, and the further spread of the fire prevented by pulling down sheds on each side of the flames. The sheds occupied by Dan Mace, M. Boden and Mr. Thos. Wallace were partially destroyed, and considerable loss sustained by the burning of a large amount of stable-gear, sulkies and harness. Estimated loss, $20,000.

NATIONAL TROTTING ASSOCIATION.—The annual convention of this Association will be held at the Everett House in this city on Wednesday, Feb. 4. Among other business to be transacted will be the election of officers, of members of the Board of Appeals, and the re-establishment of permanent harmonious action between the Association and the Trainers and Drivers' Protective Society. It is to be hoped that all the associations belonging to the National body will be intelligently represented at the coming congress.

PAT MALLOY.—This renowned racehorse, who had no superior on the turf in his day, has left St. Louis for Gallatin, Tenn., where he was bred, and where he will be placed at the stud. He is by Lexington out of Gloriana by American Eclipse, and was purchased when three years old by Col. James O'Fallon for $7,000, in whose colors most of his triumphs were gained. He is an own brother to the deceased stallion Jack Malone, and is valued at $10,099.

DEXTER NOT FOR SALE.—A statement has been going the rounds of the Western press to the effect that Mr. Robert Bonner had sold the famous horse Dexter to a Mr. E. C. Brundage of Indianapolis, who was going to bring him on the trotting turf again. There is not a word of truth in the report. Mr. Bonner has not sold, and he says that he does not intend selling his favorite, however large and tempting might be the price offered for him.

THE NASHVILLE BLOODHORSE ASSOCIATION.—This time-honored racing association, at its annual meeting on Jan. 3, elected the following officers for the year 1874: President, B. F. Cockrill (the late president, Col. Wm. H. Johnson, having declined re-election); vice-presidents, Messrs. W. G. Harding, Van Kirkman and Archie Cheatham; secretary, G. W. Darden; treasurer, S. M. Murphy.

ENGAGEMENT OF A JOCKEY.—The well-known English jockey Barbee, who for two seasons past has been successfully identified with the Monmouth Park stable of Mr. John F. Chamberlin, having ridden True Blue, Survivor, Wheatly, Brennus, Mary Constant, etc., in most of their victories, has been retained to ride the coming campaign for Mr. Pierre Lorillard's stable, and is now en route from California for this city, to enter upon his engagement.

MR. JOHN MORRISSEY will open a betting-book on the English system of bookkeeping on the Belmont Stakes (run for at Jerome Park in June next).

BILLIARDS.

MAURICE DALY IN NEW ORLEANS.—Having been invited to give a series of exhibitions at Col. Merriam's room, Maurice Daly arrived in New Orleans on the 29 inst., his presence, coupled with the reputation that had preceded him, evoking complimentary lines from the press of that city. He gave his first entertainment on Jan. 3, at night, before a welcoming throng that filled the new club-room. Whether advisedly on not, he essayed to do too much, after so tedious and fatiguing a journey, failing signally in an attempt to give Henry Miller the odds of 30½ per cent. The latter scored his needed 200 while Daly, who fell short by 40, was making 260. Averages—Daly, 10; Miller, 7.11-27. Best runs—Daly, 70, 47, 28; Miller, 39, 37, 23. On the 5th inst., in the same room, Daly played a game of like length with Charley Quaid, giving the odds of discount and winning by 371 to 88. Averages—Daly, 16⅔; Quaid, 4. Best runs—Daly, 75, 64, 54: Quaid, 17, 16, 15. The table on both occasions was a 4½x9.

TOURNAMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.—Col. A. W. Merriam, proprietor of the Crescent Billiard Hall in New Orleans, and who in other capacities is no less than in billiards, has for many years figured with enviable prominence in that section of the country, is about to inaugurate a tournament in the club-room of that establishment. It is to be open to all players who have resided in the State of Louisiana for a year just prior to the date of entrance. The tourney will present the new features of a series of contests at two different games, viz., the three-ball and the four-ball carom. The victor at either game will be awarded the title of champion and a purse of $100 in gold. The second prize for each game will be $50, and the third $25. In addition, the chief winner at the three-ball game will receive a diamond medal, while upon the four-ball champion will be conferred a gold medal. Col. Merriam will supervise the tourney in person.

RETURN OF GARNIER.—This player reached this city from New Orleans, La., on the 31st inst., fully impressed with the hospitality of the people thereaway. The authorities detained him but five days as a witness in that little episode as to "bunko," and the player regards himself as peculiarly fortunate in not having been detained longer, inasmuch as it is here on record that there is to hold on to nonresident witnesses against gamblers for three or four months. His exhibitions were moderately successful, but the whole trip was not profitable. As to the size of the table used by him in New Orleans, our correspondent kindly explains that at first it was 4½x9, and afterwards a 5x10, the latter having been substituted several days before the close of the exhibitions.

THE SPOT STROKE.—It is now about twenty years since the winning hazard known as the "spot" was practically abolished by the adoption of the rule prohibiting the player from playing more than three consecutive strokes in succession by means of the same red ball; and we observe that, in view of the heavy "runs" made in England during the past few years off the spot, it is proposed that the winning hazard achieved by this means shall be rendered more difficult of accomplishment. It is computed that, on the ordinary English table, two-thirds of the runs made by the great players are due to the spot stroke.

THE FIRM of Kavanagh & Decker, billiard-table manufacturers, exists only in memory. The partnership expired by limitation on Dec. 31, 1873, Dudley Kavanagh then retiring. If our recollections still serve us, it was formed on Aug. 5, 1865, and, having once before this expired by limitation, was renewed about four years ago. The house will henceforth, we are given to understand, be known as that of L. Decker & Co., Mr. Decker's son George and Mr. Silvie, book-keeper for the late firm, being spoken of as the company.

CONTEST FOR $200 A SIDE.—At the Interocean Hotel, Denver, Col., on New-Year's Day, Charles F. Williams of Cleveland, O., and T. S. Pratt of St. Louis, Mo., contended in a three-ball game of 600 points for $200 a side. Williams, whose best run was 100, and whose average was 6¾, won by 33. The loser's average was 5¾, and his best run 30. The table was a 4½x9, and L. A. Benton was referee.

UBASSY VS. C. DION.—These experts are to cross cues at Bumstead Hall, Boston, Mass., on the 15th inst., in a three-ball game, for a purse. The players are under engagement for this purpose to the proprietors of the Temple of Billiard Hall, that city. *The Boston Herald*, and not THE CLIPPER, is responsible for the statement that the purse is $500. The game will be interesting, no doubt.

MASSACHUSETTS CHAMPIONSHIP.—At Bumstead Hall, Boston, Mass., on Jan. 7, John Hickey defeated B. Frank Denuison for the three-ball champ ionship of Massachusetts. The game was 400 points, on a 5x10 table, and Hickey's majority was 77. Winner's best run, 22; average, 3.49-117. The average of the loser was 2.91-116; best run, 26.

JOHN DERBY.—The fact was bruited in an up-town room, a night or two ago, that John Deery had gone to Chili, South America. As his departure has been quietly effected, if at all, the inference is that he has gone on a secret expedition, probably in search of Carme and Rudolphe.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF LOUISIANA.—Messrs. Abrams and Maggioli have contracted to play once more for the amateur championship of Louisiana. Unless something unexpected shall transpire, the contest will take place on the 12th of next month.

UBASSY VS. GARNIER.—With reference to the challenge from Francois Ubassy, lately published in these columns, Albert Garnier is credited with declining to play until after Feb. 8. Ubassy, it will be remembered, desired to play early in January.

WELCOME HOME.—Albert Garnier last week gave two exhibitions at his room in this city, both of which were signals for the gathering anew of the hundred or so amateurs who had sorely missed him for about a month.

COCKING.

NEW YORK vs. LONG ISLAND.
Bergh's Raid upon the Sports.

A main between two prominent fanciers of New York and Williamsburg, L. I., was announced for Friday evening, the 9th inst., at a new and private pit in Queens County, not far from Hunter's Point. The conditions were to show fifteen stags on each side, at weights ranging from 3lb. 14oz. to 5lb. 6oz., and fight all that weighed in for $500 each battle, and $300 the main. There was a large attendance, and the new pit was completely filled with New York and Brooklyn lovers of the sport. The Williamsburg fowls were handled and heeled by O'Brien, while Roby did the same office for the New York fowls.

Fight Battle.—This was between the representatives of the light weights, two 3lb 14oz birds; a blackred representing New York against a pyle for Williamsburg. It was a sharp, well-contested affair, lasting 12min., and resulting in favor of Williamsburg.

2. The two heavy weights were next pitted, a blackred for New York and a bluered for Williamsburg, each scaling 5lb 6oz. Both chickens were famous fighters and dead game, and the battle lasted 27min., before a sudden brain-blow stretched out the New York representative, and gave the second fight to Williamsburg.

3. Two five-pounders, a bluered for Williamsburg against a blackred for New York. This was short, sharp and decisive, the blackred receiving a cut throat in 15min., thus giving the Williamsburg division their third consecutive victory.

At this stage of the main, a strong posse of police and Bergh's men made a descent upon the pit and arrested forty of the spectators. Of this number ten only were held, and they were subsequently discharged by the police-justices before whom they were taken. After their departure the sport was resumed, and the betting became spirited, with odds of $100 to $80 on New York winning the main.

4. Two 4lb 12oz. chickens were next pitted; New York showing a blackred against a bluered for Williamsburg. The blackred was the favorite in the betting, which was heavy; but fortune still favored the boys across the river, for the Williamsburg chicken won in 8min. Four fights for Williamsburg.

5. Two 4lb 9oz. birds were pitted, both blackreds, and both as game fellows as were ever shown in a pit. Neither stopped fighting until the New Yorker gave his opponent a brain blow, which sent him reeling across the pit, dead. Time, 4 min. The New Yorkers were jubilant over their first victory, but the exhibition was premature, for it was quickly discovered that the winner was an ounce overweight. All bets were declared off, and the fight awarded to Williamsburg.

6. New York showed a redpyle against a blackred for Williamsburg; weights, 4lb 10oz. The pyle had the call in the betting, and after a short fight of 5 min. he achieved the first victory for New York.

7. Two 4lb 4oz. chickens; New York showing another redpyle against a blackred for Williamsburg. The pyle was a capital fighter, and won for his party in 11 min. Second fight for New York.

8. Williamsburg showed a 4lb 12oz. bluepyle against a 4lb 14oz blackred for New York. Although the lighter bird, the bluepyle was the better fighter, and killed his opponent after a contest of 15min.

9. Williamsburg had now won six fights against two for New York, and the prospect of winning the main was a rosy one. New York pitted a 4lb 8oz bluepyle against a 4lb 8oz blackred for Williamsburg. It was a rattling fight while it lasted, but at the eighth fly, the pyle fell dead from a cut throat, and Williamsburg scored the seventh fight, which decided the main and money in their favor. Summary:

		Weight.		
New York.	*Williamsburg.*	*lb.*	*oz.*	*Won by.*
1....Blackred	Pyle	3	14	Williamsburg.
2....Blackred	Bluered	5	06	Williamsburg.
3....Blackred	Bluered	5	00	Williamsburg.
4....Blackred	Bluered	4	12	Williamsburg.
5....Blackred	Blackred	4	09	Williamsburg.
6....Redpyle	Blackred	4	10	New York.
7....Blackred	Blackred	4	14	New York.
8....Blackred	Bluered	4	14	Williamsburg.
9....Bluepyle	Blackred	4	08	Williamsburg.

ALBANY VS. TROY.—A cocking main was fought at Troy on the 5th inst., between the Albanian and Trojan fanciers. Each side showed seventeen birds, at weights running from 4lb 2oz. to 5lb 9oz., and fought all that fell in for $50 each battle and $500 the main. The weighing-in resulted in the nobbing of thirteen pair, and the betting commenced with odds of 6 to 4 on the Troy birds. Albany scored the first four battles, Troy the fifth, Albany the sixth, and then Troy won the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth in succession; the last being awarded them on a claim of "foul," in consequence of the Albany handler infringing the rules. The betting and the score were now even. Albany won the eleventh and Troy the twelfth fight, thus again bringing their respective records equal. The thirteenth and final fight was won by the Albanians, who thus secured the main and money. Another main between the same parties was arranged directly afterwards, each side to show seventeen birds and fight all that fell in from 4lb 8oz. to 5lb 10 oz., for $100 each battle and $1,000 the main; to come off at an early date.

NEW JERSEY VS. NEW YORK.—A main between the fanciers of New Jersey and New York came off on the night of the 5th inst. in the vicinity of this city, which attracted a large attendance. The conditions were to show seventeen birds on each side, and fight all that fell in at weights ranging from 4lb 6oz. to 5lb 8oz., for $50 each battle and $500 the odd right deciding the main. On scaling, it was found that thirteen couple had fallen in, and the betting commenced briskly at $100 to $80 on New Jersey. The latter won the first and second fights, and then the New Yorkers had an inning, winning five fights in succession. New Jersey then won the ninth, tenth and eleventh battle, and New York the twelfth, making the score even—six fights each. Amid intense excitement, the birds were pitted for the thirteenth and decisive fight, on which were dependent main and money. After an obstinately contested battle, the New Jersey bird laid out his rival dead in the pit by a bunch blow, and was declared the victor.

A MAIN OF COCKS was fought at Felix O'Neil's pit, Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 1, Ed. Lamb of Cleveland bucking against Dean Wilson and James Ryan of Buffalo. The latter couple won by a score of 4 to 3. Afterwards a number of side matches were fought between the same parties, in which Buffalo came out ahead. Fulton, O., whipped Cleveland 3 out 5, with 2¾-inch heels, the Buffalonians fighting with short heels.

TRIGGER.

RIFLE TOURNAMENT.—At J. S. Conlin's shooting gallery, 930 Broadway, a rifle tournament for a number of prizes is in progress, and will continue until Feb. 21. The competition will be governed by the following conditions and rules: Distance 75 feet, at suspended bullets, ¾inch in diameter; gallery rifle, 22 100-inch ball. All shooting off-hand and deliberate aim. No competitor will be entitled to win more than one prize. First prize, an elegant gold badge, will be awarded to the person hitting the most consecutive bullets. Second prize, a silver badge, the same design as the gold badge, will be awarded to the person hitting the second number of consecutive bullets. Third prize, a silver badge will be awarded to the person hitting the third number of consecutive bullets. Fourth prize, a silver medal, will be awarded to the person hitting the most bullets in 20 shots. Fifth prize, a silver medal, will be awarded to the person hitting the most bullets in 15 shots. The gallery will be open each day (Sunday excepted) from 9 A. M. until 12 P. M. A faithful record of the shots will be kept, and posted up in a conspicuous place in the gallery. No extra charge will be made for competition.

JAMES COX of Sweatarrow, and Goe. Maddix of Scranton, Pa., shot a match for $500 a side, this said, Dec. 31, each to shoot at thirty singles, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1¼oz. shot. The former won by a score of 20 to 16, after firing at twenty-seven pigeons.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 835.

IN DESCRIBING SARDOU'S new piece "Les Merveilleuses," a correspondent says: "There is one character who comes upon the stage draped in gauze, and, although the woman is probably clothed in tights, nature has been so well imitated in every minute detail that everyone believes her absolutely naked. There is a suppressed cry of 'Oh!' and a startled look of confusion whenever she appears upon the stage. The aim of the piece is to show the follies of the Directory, and it is no excuse that this piece of apparent nudity is driven away and ducked in the fountain."

W. M. HOLLAND'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, with Miss Effie Johns as the star, commenced an engagement at Port-au-Spain, Trinidad, W. I., Dec. 8, opening with "Fanchon," to a good house. On the 10th "Lucrezia Borgia" was given, followed on the 12th by "East Lynne"; 13th, the burlesque of "Pocahontas"; 15th, "French Spy"; 17th, "Married Life." The programme sent to us contains the announcement that "no canes or sticks will be allowed in the back seats."

MUSICAL.

A NEW HALL, erected at a cost of £25,000, and intended for the performance of high-class musical works, was opened Dec. 15 at Sheffield, Eng., with some ceremony. Mr. Best gave a recital on the organ, which has cost £5,000.

CIRCUSES.

FRANCONI, director of the two circuses in Paris, France, is to bring an action for damages against the proprietors of the cafe-concert Folies Parisiennes, for announcing the exhibition of a woman with two heads, four legs, and four arms. It appears that the announcement had attracted an immense crowd, and when at last the prodigy appeared the applause was deafening. But the moment the countenance of the audience changed, as on the phenomenon turning round the spectators perceived that it consisted of two girls placed back to back and bound in one bodice. Great indignation burst forth, and the disorder became so great that the police were obliged to enter the hall. The plaintiff now affirms (very truly) that the defendent had no phenomenon whatever, and so claims 10,000fr. as compensation for the prejudice raised to his own exhibition of Millie-Christine.

AMUSEMENTS.

UNION-SQUARE THEATRE.
Begins at 8; over at 11.
SATURDAY MATINEE AT 1.30.
SIXTH WEEK
and undiminished success of Mr. Boucicault's new play,
LED ASTRAY.
LED ASTRAY.
LED ASTRAY.
This beautiful play, a leading critic declares, is "Worthy of a Parisian stage." There is no diminution in the interest of the EIGHTEENTH RUN, which the house being crowded to the doors at every performance.
Seats may be secured four weeks in advance.
SATURDAY, JAN. 10, AT 2,
FIFTH MATINEE OF
LED ASTRAY.
Box-office open from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. Careful attention paid to orders by mail or telegraph.
THIS ESTABLISHMENT DOES NOT ADVERTISE IN THE NEW YORK HERALD. 42-1t

OLYMPIC THEATRE,
624 BROADWAY.
GABRIEL GRUB.
OPENS 7.15, CURTAIN 8 O'CLOCK.
Favorite family resort. Last week of the wonderful MAJILTON-RAYNOR troupe. Last nights of the delightful, grotesque, startling morceau, THE GOBLINS THAT STOLE THE SEXTON. Last nights of the Wonderful Majilton-Raynors, Beautiful Boushell, Elegant Nelsons and Marvelous Austins. Last nights this week, and WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES.
Then look out for a
REIGN OF MERRIMENT AND CARNIVAL OF FUN.
Jan. 19 will open
A GRAND SEASON OF VAUDEVILLE NOVELTIES, supporting anything heretofore, comprising specialty artists of the highest talent and greatest variety—affording entertainments of the high order and rare excellence for which this popular family theatre is famed. 42-1t

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
THE PERFECTION OF FUN.
Farewell Appearances. Farewell Appearances,
FAREWELL APPEARANCES,
prior to their departure for California, of the
VOKES, VOKES,
at 9.15 P. M., in their great specialty,
THE BELLES OF THE KITCHEN,
received during its representation last week with the utmost enjoyment and delight by the largest and most fashionable audiences of the season.
The performance of the VOKES in the
BELLES OF THE KITCHEN
will be preceded each evening by the humorous absurdity (received with roars of laughter),
ROMEO JAFFIER JENKINS,
Mr. M. W. LEFFINGWELL
Romeo.....
Other characters by the company.
SATURDAY MATINEE AT HALF PAST ONE. 142-1t

NEW METROPOLITAN
THEATRE, 585 and 587 BROADWAY.
R. W. BUTLER.....Manager
THE GREAT BILL OF THE SEASON.
FRESH NOVELTY AND SUPERIOR TALENT.
First week of the engagement of
MR. E. D. DAVIES, MR. E. D. DAVIES,
MR. E. D. DAVIES, MR. E. D. DAVIES,
premier ventriloquist of the world, together with his little pets, Joe and Tommy.
MR. FRANK FRAYNE. MISS CLARA BUTLER,
and the whole company in the drama,
FROM THE ALTAR TO THE SCAFFOLD.
CHAS. HOWARD.....as.....OLD UNCLE JOHN
Miss Jennie Hughes in her songs, John Hart, Sam Rickey, Add Rymal, Master Barney, Billy West, John Queen, Sanford and Wilson in new songs, sketches and eccentricities.
THE WONDERFUL THREE LEGGED MAN.
Mr. Geo. Ketchum, J. L. Saphore, Miss Madeline Hardy, Miss Angie Schott, Miss Allie Weems, Miss Ida Ross in the farce of
SEE BILLS OF THE DAY.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON. 42-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
WM. B. FRELIGH.....Manager
MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1874
Engagement of the popular American actor,
MR. MARIUS TURCK.
in Fred. G. Maeder's great sensation drama of
LIGHTNING BOB,
with all its original effects and a powerful cast.
Bob Flash.....Mr. MARIUS TURCK.
Preceded by the exciting melodrama, entitled
THE ROSSER'S WIFE.
FRIDAY, BENEFIT OF MARIUS TURCK.
SATURDAY, MATINEE OF LIGHTNING BOB.
MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1874,
MR. FRANK FRAYNE and MISS CLARA BUTLER,
in the new sensation drama of
THE SCOUTS OF OREGON. 42-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
NO. 514 BROADWAY.
MR. JOSH HART.....Sole Proprietor
The beautiful Cuban Pyrb,
MLLE. MARIE ZOE,
in her beautiful drama entitled
THE WIZARD SKIFF.
MLLE. ZOE IN THREE DIFFERENT CHARACTERS, at 1,200 for eight performances of the
ROYAL YEDDO JAPANESE TROUPE.
This troupe have not performed in this city since their appearance at the Academy of Music, twelve years ago, and are the most wonderful that have ever arrived in America. They perform each evening and matinees.
A new and georgeous series of Tableaux, entitled
ERIN GO BRAGH,
introducing events in the Green Isle in its various stages, The Genius of Erin, Goddess of Liberty, Peace and War, Famine and Plenty, Emigration and Home Rule, etc., etc. Ireland's Past, Present and Future.
Reappearance of the Comique favorites,
HARRIGAN AND HART,
now world-renowned in their original Irish sketch,
THE MULLIGAN GUARDS.
On the same evening, the Champion of the World, the Lancashire dancer, MR. JOHN WILLIAMS.
Second week of the Master Banjoist of the world, Mr. FRANK CONVERSE.
AN ENTIRELY NEW OLIO OF FUN.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, 201 BOWERY.
First appearance of the following Stars:
MISS PATTI ROSA,
serio-comic vocalist and challenge clog dancense.
THE WONDERFUL
LITTLE DELMAR,
in her magic changes, character representations, etc.
The great Irish vocalist
PADDY ROONEY.
The inimitable song-and-dance performers,
MESSRS. BOYD AND SCOTT.
First time, a new and beautiful
PANORAMA OF IRELAND.
ERIN: ITS BEAUTIES AND SCENERY.
TONY PASTOR, GUS WILLIAMS,
BLANCHE SELWYN,
All the favorites in a new programme.
MATINEES Tuesday and Saturday. Ladies admitted free Friday evening and Saturday matinee. 42-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
O. DOUD BYRON
BEN McCULLOUGH FOR ONE WEEK.
MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1874.
EVENING AT 8.
OLIVER DOUD BYRON
in the gigantic success entitled
BEN McCULLOUGH.
AFTERNOON AT 2,
the comedy of
PERFECTION,
and A. H. Sheldon's comic pantomime,
FROLICS OF A CLOWN.
EVERY AFTERNOON,
and incidental to above, the premier Ventriloquist
MR. ALEX. DAVIS,
the American Songstress
MISS JENNIE ENGEL,
DICK SANDS, the great PENDY, M. GALLAGHER, and W. CRANE'S $10,000 BOX TRICK. 42-1t

DALY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Twenty-eighth street, corner of Broadway. Begins at 8. Carriages may be ordered for 10.30. Box sheet open daily from 8 A. M. till 10 P. M. Seats may be secured a week ahead.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.
Every night this week (except Saturday) Bronson Howard's dashing local comedy, SARATOGA.
Saturday matinee Saturday next at 1.30. Saturday night, January 17, MAN AND WIFE. 42-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
Corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue. Begins in the evening at 7½, and on Saturday afternoons at 1½. Prices are now: Admission 50c., reserved seats 50c. and $1 extra, according to location; family circle (entrance on Twenty-fourth street), 40 cents. FOX'S wonderful pantomime—eighth week—fifty-third to fifty-ninth performance,
HUMPTY DUMPTY
ABROAD. 42-1t

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
23D STREET. Crowded with fashionable and delighted audiences. Bryant's Minstrels. Brilliant success of CINDERELLA AND THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER. Gorgeous Transformation Scene. Cinderella going to the Ball. The Shadow Dance. Cinderella's Chariot. Cinderella.....Eugene | Pedro.....Unsworth
Dan Bryant and Neise Seymour as the duel sisters.
Bob Hart's comic court-scene, "The Mutton Trial."
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. SEATS SECURED. 42-1t*

JERSEY CITY THEATRE.
M. CAMPBELL and FR DELUBIN.....Proprietors
B. A. BAKER.....Business Manager
GRAND DRAMATIC FESTIVAL
under the auspices and for the BENEFIT OF THE VALERIAN CLUB OF HUDSON CO.
MR. J. B. STUDLEY. MISS IDA VERNON.
MR. J. ALEXANDER, MR. HUNTINGDON,
and a brilliant array of talent.
MONDAY, JAN. 12, TUESDAY,
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS,
ROB ROY.
Thursday, Friday and Saturday Matinee at 2,
GUY MANNERING.
Stage-Manager.....MR. DAN TEESON
Monday, Jan. 19, and during the week,
THE MAJILTON RAYN

CICELY.

ALKALI STATION.

Cicely says you're a poet: maybe; I afai much on rhyme;
I reckon you'd give me a hundred, and beat me every time.

Poetry!—that's the way some chaps put up an idee,
But I takes mine "straight without sugar," and that's what's the matter with me.

Poetry!—just look round you—alkali, rock and sage;
Sage-brush, rock and alkali; aint it a pretty page?
Sun in the east at morning, sun in the west at night,
And the shadow of this yer station the on'y thing moves in sight.

Poetry! Well, no, Polly! Polly, run to your mam!
Run right away, my pooty! By-bye! Aint she a lamb?
Poetry! That reminds me o' suthin' right in that suit:
Jest shet that door, thar, will yer! for Cicely's ears is cute.

Ye noticed Polly, the baby? A month afore she was born
Cicely (my old woman) was moody-like and forlorn:
Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and trees;
Family man yourself, sir? Well, you know what a woman be's.

Narvous she was and restless—said that she "couldn't stay."
Stay—and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.
But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he said he would be on hand;
And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and fenced in that bit o' land.

One night—one tenth of October—I woke with a chill and a shiver,
For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warnt in sight;
But a note was pinned on the blanket, which it said that she "couldn't stay,"
But had gone to visit her neighbor—seventeen miles away!

When and how she stampeded, I didn't wait for to see.
For out in the road, nere mule, I started as wild as she:
Running first this way and that way, like a hound that is off the scent.
For there warnt no track in the darkness to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this spot—
Lost on the Plains in '50, drownded almost, and shot;
But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a crazy wife,
Was sev'ly as onsatisfactory as anything in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called and I held my breath;
And "Cicely!" came from the canyon—and all was as still as death.
And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below;
And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from them peaks of snow.

I aint what you call religious; but I jest looked up to the sky,
And—this yer's to what I'm comin, and maybe ye think I lie.
But up away to the east'ard, yaller and big and far,
I saw of a suddint rising the singlerist kind of star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to beckon to me;
Yaller and big and dancing, and never a word said we;
Big and yaller and dancing, I never saw such a star;
And I thought of them sharps in the Bible, and I went for it then and thar.

Over the brush and bowlders I stumbled and pushed
Keeping the star afore me, I went wharever it led.
I might hev been for an hour, when, suddent and pert and nigh,
Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's cry.

Listen! thar's the same music; but her lungs they are stronger now
Than the day I packed her and her mother—I'm durned if I jes' know how.
But the doctor kem the next minnit; and the joke o' the whole thing is
That Cis never knew what happened from that very night to this.

But Cicely says you're a poet; and maybe you might some day,
Just sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born in a canyon, way.
And see what she says: and, old fellow, when you speak of the star, don't tell
As how 'twas the doctor's lantern—for maybe 'twont sound so well.

BERT HARTE.

HOW I WAS SOLD.

CHAPTER I.

"Wafter," said I, addressing one of the colored "help's" at the Jefferson Hotel, at Lewiston, Ontario Co., New York, "have you such a thing as a book of fares on board the Lake Ontario steamboats?"

The waiter brought me the book I inquired for—one of those intricate compilations of tables, dates, figures and fractions which it is almost impossible for anybody save the perfectly initiated to make head or tail of. It was as great a mystery to me as is any other railway guide.

"Hem!" I exclaimed, after studying it for some time to no purpose. "Hem! waiter! Can you tell me whether any steamboat will start from Lewiston to-day to proceed down the lake?"

"De s'ner was one gone yesterday, sar," replied the waiter.

"Yesterday is not to-day, my good fellow," said I. "I asked you whether a boat will leave Lewiston to-day?"

"For sure, sar, dere one go to-morrer mornin'," answered the negro. "De berry boss boat on de lake, sar, and de best cap'en, too. Cap'en Baldwin, sar, on de Cleopatra—de new boat, las' go make him first trip. You nebber sorry, s'pose you sail wid Cap'en Baldwin, sar."

"And the fare. What is the fare?"

"Down de ribber, sar, to Montreal?"

"No! no. Only to the head of the lake—to Picton, Prince Edward?"

"Don't know him, sar—Picton. But de fare is four dollars. I b'lieve. All de same, sar, s'pose you go to any p'int o' the lake shore?"

"Yes; well. If no boat will start to-day, I suppose I must wait, and go in the General Cass to-morrow."

"Cas's dt no better dan dat, sar," said the waiter, as he was leaving the room.

I had been to the Far West for a couple of months; had then paid a visit, for the third time, to Niagara, and was going to wind up my long holiday by spending a few weeks with an old friend who had lately purchased a large farm near Picton, Prince Edward Co. I had been, however, a little more extravagant than I had anticipated, and was consequently short of money. In fact, I doubted whether, after I had paid my bill at the hotel, I should have money enough left to carry me to Picton.

I could have written to Montreal—there was no telegraph between the United States and Canada at this period—and could have obtained a remittance in three or four days; but it was now Thursday, and I had promised to be at Picton by Saturday evening at the latest, to meet a brother of my friend's, who, with his newly wedded wife, was to set out for New York on Monday morning, en route to England. I knew that I could borrow what money I required at Picton; and I could just as easily write for a remittance from there as from Lewiston, and I should thus avoid the unpleasantness of remaining at an hotel without money.

I therefore asked for my bill, which was promptly presented by the landlord himself. I truly believe that landlords possess some intuitive means of discovering when a guest is running short of money; and I fancied that the look mine host gave me when he laid the account upon the table seemed to say:

"See, there's your bill, sir; and, look you, I'll stand no excuses. I mean to be paid."

"Eighteen dollars, twenty-five cents!" I murmured, after having cast up the various items, and looked at the sum-total.

"And very moderate charges, sir," commenced mine host.

"Very moderate indeed," said I, interrupting his intended angry expostulation; "very moderate, considering the excellent fare and comfortable accommodation."

At the same time I drew forth my pocketbook. The landlord was all smiles in a moment.

"I am proud to hear you say so," he replied. "Some gentlemen are never satisfied, let us do what we may to please them."

There was one advantage to be derived by the impecunious from the American paper-currency. It is impossible to tell the real value of an ordinary American bank-bill—I don't allude to the Government paper—without looking at the figures. The backs are often the same color, nearly soiled, dirty, crumpled appearance. If a stranger sees only the back of a bank-bill, or sees it in a roll, he cannot say whether it is a single-dollar bill or of the denomination of a thousand dollars. Thus, a twenty-dollar bill changed into single dollars will make a pretty bulky roll of money in a man's pocket-book.

My funds were reduced to twenty-seven dollars. I had two tens, and seven single-dollar bills. The two tens I handed to the landlord.

"Please to give the change to the chambermaid," I said carelessly, "I will give the other servants something for their trouble myself."

The landlord bowed, and quitted the room, in the belief, I have no doubt, that I still had a respectable sum of money in my pocketbook.

I gave the waiter a dollar, and the porter and boots a dollar between them. A guest well provided with money would have given the single dollar divided between the three a sufficiently liberal gratuity; but most people in my position strive to enact the grand seigneur to the best of their ability. It is so distressing and annoying to be thought poor by servants. I bout him, at my request, had been made out to cover the cost of my supper and bed that night, and my breakfast in the morning; so that when I was ready to depart, after breakfast, I had just five dollars in my pocket. As I was leaving, the landlord came to bid me good-bye. I believe he had expected to meet with excuses when he presented his account, and consequently he felt greater satisfaction than had otherwise been the case at having been so promptly paid.

"I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again, sir," he said; "and I hope also that you will be pleased to recommend the Jefferson to any of your friends who may be coming this way.

Of course, I promised that I would do so.

"You go on to Picton, sir, I understand?" he continued.

"Yes," said I; "on board the General Cass."

"A new boat, sir, and a real handsome one; and Captain Baldwin is the most popular captain on the lake. I wish you a pleasant passage. Stay, one moment, sir," he cried, as I was leaving. "Dear me, I was almost forgetting, and I should have been very vexed."

He went into the bar, and presently returned with a card of the hotel.

"Please, sir," he said, as he handed me the card, with a knowing wink; "you show that card when you get on board. You'll be none the worse for so doing."

I took the card, and supposing that he was merely boasting of his influence with the captain of the steamboat, put it in my pocket without looking at it, and speedily forgot all about it.

"What is the fare to Picton, Prince Edward?" I inquired, when I arrived at the wharf, of a man who was seated in a sort of sentry-box alongside the steamboat.

The clerk looked at me strangely, as I thought or fancied; and supposing that he likewise suspected me to be short of money, I at once fired up.

"Why do you not answer my question, sir?" I said. "I should not have asked it unless I were prepared to pay the fare."

"I don't suppose you would, sir," replied the clerk. "I only hesitated because ——"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question," I cried, "and let me know the amount of the fare? I have come from the Jefferson Hotel, where I have been stopping for some days past, and I ——"

"The *regular* fare is four dollars, sir," interrupted the clerk; "but you, no doubt, have a card; or, if you have come from the Jefferson, you ——"

"There is the amount of the fare, sir," said I, placing the money on the ledge, inside the square pigeon-hole in front of the man. "As to my card, what business is it of yours whether I have or have not a card?"

And, without waiting for a reply, I walked angrily away.

"Please, massa, I bring down your valise, sar," said a little negro boy who had followed me with my carpet-bag from the hotel, suggesting at his bodily locality as he spoke.

I had just one dollar remaining. This I changed at a hotel near the wharf, paying twelve cents for a glass of wine; and, after giving a quarter dollar to the boy, my funds in actual possession were reduced to sixty-three cents.

However, the boat was to start at ten o'clock A. M. I calculated upon arriving at Picton early in the evening, consequently I required no state-room or sleeping-berth; and, as I had not money enough to pay the high price usually demanded for meals on board the steamboats, I expended the greater portion of my remaining funds in the purchase of biscuits to ratisfy the cravings of appetite during the time I should be upon the water, and also bought three or four cigars to smoke and help to while away the time.

Instead of leaving the wharf at ten o'clock, however, the boat was detained until near noon, thus rendering it probable that she would not reach Picton much before midnight.

At length we did make a start, and I ascended to the promenade deck, where most of the passengers had already congregated to watch the shore as it appeared to recede from us, as we steamed swiftly away from the wharf.

The General Cass was certainly a beautiful boat to look upon. Her promenade deck, as white as snow, was abundantly provided with comfortable seats and settees for those who wished to lounge and chat, or smoke. Her state-rooms were large, and handsomely fitted up, and her spacious saloon was really elegantly furnished. Its deck was covered with a rich Turkey carpet. Chandeliers were suspended from its arched and fretted roof; mirrors adorned its sides, reflecting every part of it, and causing it to appear twice or thrice its actual extent. There were whist, and loo, and billiard tables, and tables of every variety; and the saloon was profusely provided with sofas, lounges, easy-chairs, vis-a-vis ottomans, and seats of various descriptions.

The lower cabin also was equally well fitted up with every accommodation; and look where we would, on deck or below, everything was as bright, and neat, and trim as possible. The passengers, too, seemed to be bent upon enjoyment. They all appeared to be people who were well-to-do in the world, and nearly all were in their smartest attire. I, in my soiled traveling costume, looked, or at least felt, like a scarecrow among them; but it is the custom in America for people to dress in their best when traveling—therefore this general smartness of attire did not astonish me. I was more surprised not to perceive a single poor-looking individual, male or female, amongst them all.

All went on well until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the paddles were suddenly reversed, and, after considerable delay, were made to move—now a few turns forward, now a few turns backward—until at length we ran alongside a small wharf on the northern shore of the lake, near which were two or three cottages and farm-houses, and a small public-house, but no town or village of any description.

"Where are we now?" I inquired of one of the passengers, who was looking over the side near where I stood.

"Waal now, mister, I can't exsactly say," was the reply, as the speaker changed the huge quid of tobacco he was chewing from his right to his left cheek. "We're somewhere near Pickering, I reckon, though Pickering ar'n't much of a place, but this is a pooty likely corner nowhur."

"Shall we remain here long?" I asked, seeing that the men were putting out warps, as if to fasten the boat to the posts on the wharf.

"Waal now, I guess we shn't start from here much before daylight in the mornin'."

"Before daylight in the morning!" I exclaimed. "In the name of wonder, what are we stopping at such a place as this for?"

"Waal now, mister, I reckon some of the *engine* work here bruk down. That wor to be expected in a new boat, that wor. I don't think nawthin' strange o' that."

The speaker was a tall, lanky, sharp-faced, elderly men, ungainly in his aspect, and having the appearance of a shrewd, well-to-do Western farmer. I was looking about for some more conversable being, when a burly, jolly-looking man went the gauntlet of grinning negro waiter, who was thumping it with all his might as he passed along the deck, evidently delighted with the noise he was making, which was loud enough to split the tympanum of one's ears.

"Supper, ladies an' genelmen—supper, supper!" he yelled forth, at intervals. A gong in the saloon, from the state-rooms, the promenade deck, the hurricane deck, the steward's room, from every part of the boat, rushed the passengers, apparently as eager to get below as if they were starving, or as if they came from cities where famine reigned before they could satisfy the cravings of appetite.

Yet all this hurry was of no avail.

"Gentlemen will please wait till the ladies are seated," bawled out an authoritative voice; and the gentlemen, promptly obedient to the request, stood, cooped up in a crowd, at the entrance of the lower cabin, while the ladies, escorted by the captain, leisurely passed down into the cabin and selected their seats at the table.

"Ladies is seated, gentlemen!" presently shouted one of the waiters.

The conflict was withdrawn, and pushing and crushing, higgledy-piggledy, almost tumbling over one another in their haste to descend the stairs, yet laughing and joking, and preserving the utmost good-humor, the gentlemen passed into the cabin, and the hurry and clatter of knives and forks on plates, and the frequent calls of hungry passengers upon the waiters, became distinctly audible.

I still stood on the promenade deck, looking over the side of the boat towards the shore, stealthily mumbling a biscuit the meanwhile.

"Will gentlemen have tea, or coffee?" said a voice close to my ear.

I turned my head and saw one of the negro waiters.

"Supper on de table, sar," he added; "you no hear de gong?"

"I rather think I did," I replied. "I don't wish for any supper."

The fellow stared, but made no reply; and I was again left alone on the deck.

"Shameful!" I thought to myself. "It's a mere Yankee trick, this stopping here all night. The object is to put money into the company's pockets, by compelling the passengers to pay half a dollar or seventy-five cents a piece for their meals. They'll get no half dollar from me. No, not if my pockets were full of money."

I felt some satisfaction, notwithstanding my vexation, at the idea of disappointing the company by declining to pay for the meals they, in a manner, compelled the passengers to partake of; though this revenge was in reality about as feeble as that which an offended newspaper reader takes upon an editor, when he writes:

"SIR.—For the future I decline to subscribe to your paper."

In half an hour the passengers reappeared. Some went for a stroll on shore; some walked to and fro upon the after-promenade deck; some seated themselves to enjoy their cigars; while others formed card-parties in the saloon, or played billiards, or lounged on the sofas and read the newspapers which were scattered profusely over the centre tables. All appeared to have resigned themselves with perfect good-humor and content to remain at the wharf all night. I heard no complaints whatever; and one or two to whom I complained of the delay evidently regarded me as a troublesome, fidgetty sort of fellow, who had no business on board the boat.

It is a marked peculiarity in Americans that, eager as they are upon ordinary occasions to be stirring, they submit with wonderful patience and resignation to any inevitable delay when traveling in the cars or on board the steamboats. I remarked on this peculiarity on more than one occasion, when passengers have been "snowed up" in the railway cars, while traveling in the Winter. On such occasions, when the few English passengers have been fuming and fretting, and grumbling at the delay, and threatening to write to the newspapers, and bring an action for damages for loss of time against the company, and making themselves as uncomfortable as possible, the Americans—male and female—have sat as quiet and composed as though they were in their own dwellings, and have striven to make the best of a bad job.

Never, however, had I seen this spirit of resignation more perfectly carried out than on the present occasion. Indeed, so far from complaining of the delay, the passengers, one and all, seemed to regard it as a likely casualty of the trip, and one that was rather agreeable to them than otherwise.

About ten o'clock—when, according to my original calculation, I ought to have arrived at my destination, and to have been enjoying the hospitalities of my expected friends, instead of which, in reality, I scarcely twenty miles from my point of departure, and nearly, if not quite, as far distant from Picton as I was when I embarked at Lewiston—one of the waiters made his appearance, ringing a bell this time instead of beating a gong, and shouting out, as he passed along the decks, and through the saloon:

"Any ladies or gentelmen wish, 'fore dey retire, for take a glass ob wine or brandy an' water, an' lilly someting to eat, please step below."

There was almost as general, though a little more decorous, a stampede into the lower cabin as there had been when supper was announced, and again I was left the sole occupant of the upper deck.

The waiter came forth from the saloon, still ringing his bell, as if delighted with the noise, and peering into the darkness, to see whether he had beaten up all the passengers. Presently he caught sight of me.

"Gentelman please not go below, take little 'freshment 'fore him retire, sah?" he said, coming towards me.

"No," I replied: "I want nothing—I never take anything after supper:" which was not a perfectly truthful statement on my part. Besides, I had really taken no supper, unless the consumption of a captain's biscuit may be so termed.

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MORE OF THAT "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

BY THE THIN CONTRIBUTOR.

I've been watching the snow, the "Beautiful Snow," as it flutters and whirls like winged diamonds and pearls, in fantastic gyrations and capers, and been thinking the while of the *rot* and the style of "snow poetry" as found in the papers. I've been watching the feathery, crystalized dew that like silver dust flashes, or in storm-cloud dashes, o'er housetop, o'er mountain and moor, as through crevice it "glides," or gently "saddles" the lamp at the back-kitchen door, till I'm free to confess to an ardent desire to stir up my "Muse" and poke up my fire, don slippers and gown and sit cosily down and fill up my pipe for a smoke, let out my "idees" in measured degrees, or give my old Pegasus rope. And now let it snow, let it freeze, let it blow, let the icicles form on the eaves, let the waters overflow, let old "Zero" reveal his power in the fallen dead leaves; let nature be clothed in her casements white, in her death-robe, the beautiful snow; let the winds whistle shrill while my meerschaum I fill, and tell you in rhyme what I know about snow, the "beautiful" stuff of which in my day I've had *quantum suf.* I know that it's "pure," that it's splendidly "white," that it "sparkles" and "gleams" in the "moon's silver light;" that it's "jolly" and "gay" 'mid the jingling of bells and loud peals of laughter of "sleigh-riding," when school-boys uproarious gleefully shout, and snowball each other when school is "let out;" that there's pleasure for many, and infinite glee, in this "Beautiful Snow;" but *not any for me*—not any for me, if you please. Nary a flake! The very idea makes me shiver and shake. Let the rich who are able to wrap them in "sables," in "astragans," velvets and fur, face the storm if they please till their noses they freeze—from this *anthracite* I will not stir. Here it's snugger and warmer, in this cosy corner, where I'm snug as a bug in a rug. Yes, a thousand times snugger than any poor "bugger" who is forced through the snowdrifts to tug. I've been there in my youth; I've been "Out in the Snow" with "Nothing to Wear" and nowhere to go; no money, no friends, no fire, no meat—a poor little wanderer, "Out in the Street." Ah, well, let it pass; never mind this stray tear, from memory's fountain. Yet "Isn't it queer" how the heart *will* well up, and the breast heave a sigh while we try to prove sorrow is "all in my eye." "Memory avaunt;" with your tablets away; let us bury the past, and live but to-day. To-day we call *ours*—to-morrow is time's. The past is eternity's; so to my rhymes—by my rhymes I mean, and sing of the *snow*, as here from my window I gaze on the show, and sing "Don't you go, Tommy," don't go "Out in the wet," its (*sic*) no good for a fellow's *bronchitis*, "You Bet." With my pipe and my "mug" I'll merrily sing, till the robins returning shall tell us of Spring, "Gentle Spring," with its flowers, its sunshine and showers—"Spring fever," "Spring onions," "Spring chickens"—when this Beautiful (?) snow in the mud is laid low, and the "sleighing" is gone to the dickens.

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DEDICATED TO J. V. B.

An old lady, once, of Celtic descent,
Her steps at evening t'ward Harlem she bent—
Her dress was in tatters, her feet they were sore,
And she numerous traces of poverty bore.

Got on the horse-cars at fam'd Bleecker street,
Thinking, no doubt, that she'd soon get a seat;
But what was her terrible ire and chagrin
To find in the car she could hardly squeeze in.

She growl'd forth her thoughts in a dolorous tone,
Bemoaning that she was so far, far from home;
But no one attention unto her did pay,
Though all of them thought she'd a great deal to say.

Presently who should come tripping in
But two flashily dress'd dauchters of sin— [face,
When up jumped two young bloods, true sons of the
And remarked that the *ladies* could just take their place.

Then burst Old Irish in language of ire:
"Bedad," shouted she, as if all on fire,
"If I was made up with cotton like those,
I'd get as good seats as any, I s'pose!" DEWDROP.

SPORTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

No. 10.—Dan Donnelly's Battles with Cooper and Oliver.

In the early part of the present century there flourished in the land where the shamrock blooms and blossoms a model athlete and exponent of the pugilistic art, Dan Donnelly by name, whose memory is cherished and whose deeds of prowess are enthusiastically rehearsed, even to this day, by those of his countrymen who admire feats in which physical strength, fistic skill and manly courage combine to gain the mastery. But though his fame was great in Ireland, and his celebrity extended to milling circles in England, his contests in the ring were few in number, and he manifested but little inclination to engage in meetings of this kind beyond the soil of his native land. He possessed every quality necessary to constitute a first-class boxer. In height he was half an inch over six feet, while his weight in fighting condition was 14 stone. He was gifted with immense strength, backed up with undeniable courage and a fair share of science, aided by those advantages which youth ever gives. His blows are described as having been of the most terrific nature, and in the effect produced resembling a sledge-hammer than given from the arm of a human being. Added to this, he had a peculiar sort of hitch, or fastening, that gave him great facility in cross-buttocking his opponents when in the act of closing. By occupation he was a carpenter, having learned the business thoroughly in his native town, Dublin, where he lived nearly all his life, and where the breath of life departed from his body within a stone's throw of the house in which he was born in 1786.

Though having for years possessed considerable local reputation as a skilful manipulator of nature's weapons, and a rough-and-tumble fighter who was very hard to vanquish, Donnelly had attained his twenty-eighth year ere he entered into a match to fight according to the recognized rules. His opponent in this match was Tom Hall of the Isle of Wight, who had sung and danced at the Cribb and the Sutton Gipsy, and been defeated by Bill Eales. Hall, who was on a sparring tour, gave an exhibition at Dublin, and the comparisons made between his style and that of Sir Daniel—rather unfavorable to the former—led to the opening of negotiations which soon culminated in an agreement to test their abilities for a subscription purse of one hundred guineas, in a ring twenty feet square. The battle took place on the Curragh of Kildare, Sept. 14, 1814, and it is said that the assemblage of people to witness the combat was larger than was ever before or since collected upon any similar occasion. It seemed as though Dublin had emptied itself of humanity, the crowd present being estimated at forty thousand. The men had not trained for the fight, and prior to the commencement of hostilities they drank the health of each other in a friendly manner, and from the tenor of the expectations which the populace had formed, their townsman having the victory in his hands from the beginning, as Hall was greatly overmatched, and was compelled to act upon the defensive, frequently going down to avoid punishment. The betting, which had ranged at 2 to 1 on the latter, quickly changed to greater odds on Donnelly, who, with the exception of a trifling cut on the lip (by which he lost first blood), received no injury. Hall exhibited far more science than his antagonist, but Dan's superiority of strength was evident, and he also possessed much more steam than those of Tom. Hall did not acknowledge defeat, but retired from the ring by order of the referee at the conclusion of the fifteenth round, claiming foul because he was hit three times while down.

It appears that Hall several times fell without a blow being delivered, and Donnelly, in his eagerness to catch him, hit him once, in particular, so terribly upon the ear, while he was seated upon the ground, that the half-crowns flowed from that part of Oliver that Tom would either prove the favorite during the contest or win the battle, and ten times that sum was offered that Oliver would not beat his opponent in an hour. The original fixture for the battle was Bindlow Common, within easy distance of the metropolis, but for some reason it was at the very last moment changed to Crawley Hurst, near Copthorne Common, upwards of thirty miles from Cockneydom. This occasioned a deal of dissatisfaction, and compelled many to abandon their purpose of being in at the death, after having come before the division, who for sometime had been engaged in teaching the art of self-defence in Dublin. He was regarded as a suitable opponent for the Irish champion, for, though twenty-eight pounds less in weight, he had a brilliant record, and his superior skill was acknowledged. He had fought four times in England, defeating H. Lancaster, Joy and Molineux, and being beaten by Tom Oliver. A purse of £120 was originally offered as the battle-money, the loser to receive £20 thereof, but on the morning of fighting, after the men had entered the inclosure or ground over an hour, it was announced that the funds collected would admit of but £60 being given to the winner, and nothing to the losing man. Cooper thereupon declared that he would not fight, but as Donnelly expressed a willingness to receive the entire sum himself, his opponent was prevailed upon to accept the situation and do likewise. This he probably did in a measure through dread of the result, should he persist in disappointing the thousands of spectators present, who almost to a man were friends of his adversary.

The character of the fighting in the first round convinced all that they were to witness a repetition of the Donnelly and Hall affair, for though England's representative demonstrated that his skill was finer than that possessed by his *vis-a-vis*, this was more than counterbalanced by the greater height, weight, length of reach and strength of his antagonist, who looked a very Hercules. The shout that went up from the tight boys of the sod when their idol floored Cooper with a cannon shot on the dial resembled somewhat the yell of anything but delight, and threatening to write to the newspapers, and bring an action for damages for loss of time against the company, and making themselves as uncomfortable as possible, the Americans—male and female—have sat as quiet and composed as though they were in their own dwellings, and have striven to make the best of a bad job.

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SPORTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

No. 10.—Dan Donnelly's Battles with Cooper and Oliver.

In the early part of the present century there flourished in the land where the shamrock blooms and blossoms a model athlete and exponent of the pugilistic art, Dan Donnelly by name, whose memory is cherished and whose deeds of prowess are enthusiastically rehearsed, even to this day, by those of his countrymen who admire feats in which physical strength, fistic skill and manly courage combine to gain the mastery. But though his fame was great in Ireland, and his celebrity extended to milling circles in England, his contests in the ring were few in number, and he manifested but little inclination to engage in meetings of this kind beyond the soil of his native land. He possessed every quality necessary to constitute a first-class boxer. In height he was half an inch over six feet, while his weight in fighting condition was 14 stone. He was gifted with immense strength, backed up with undeniable courage and a fair share of science, aided by those advantages which youth ever gives. His blows are described as having been of the most terrific nature, and in the effect produced resembling a sledge-hammer than given from the arm of a human being. Added to this, he had a peculiar sort of hitch, or fastening, that gave him great facility in cross-buttocking his opponents when in the act of closing. By occupation he was a carpenter, having learned the business thoroughly in his native town, Dublin, where he lived nearly all his life, and where the breath of life departed from his body within a stone's throw of the house in which he was born in 1786.

Though having for years possessed considerable local reputation as a skilful manipulator of nature's weapons, and a rough-and-tumble fighter who was very hard to vanquish, Donnelly had attained his twenty-eighth year ere he entered into a match to fight according to the recognized rules. His opponent in this match was Tom Hall of the Isle of Wight, who had sung and danced at the Cribb and the Sutton Gipsy, and been defeated by Bill Eales. Hall, who was on a sparring tour, gave an exhibition at Dublin, and the comparisons made between his style and that of Sir Daniel—rather unfavorable to the former—led to the opening of negotiations which soon culminated in an agreement to test their abilities for a subscription purse of one hundred guineas, in a ring twenty feet square. The battle took place on the Curragh of Kildare, Sept. 14, 1814, and it is said that the assemblage of people to witness the combat was larger than was ever before or since collected upon any similar occasion. It seemed as though Dublin had emptied itself of humanity, the crowd present being estimated at forty thousand. The men had not trained for the fight, and prior to the commencement of hostilities they drank the health of each other in a friendly manner, and from the tenor of the expectations which the populace had formed, their townsman having the victory in his hands from the beginning, as Hall was greatly overmatched, and was compelled to act upon the defensive, frequently going down to avoid punishment. The betting, which had ranged at 2 to 1 on the latter, quickly changed to greater odds on Donnelly, who, with the exception of a trifling cut on the lip (by which he lost first blood), received no injury. Hall exhibited far more science than his antagonist, but Dan's superiority of strength was evident, and he also possessed much more steam than those of Tom. Hall did not acknowledge defeat, but retired from the ring by order of the referee at the conclusion of the fifteenth round, claiming foul because he was hit three times while down.

It appears that Hall several times fell without a blow being delivered, and Donnelly, in his eagerness to catch him, hit him once, in particular, so terribly upon the ear, while he was seated upon the ground, that the half-crowns flowed from that part of Oliver that Tom would either prove the favorite during the contest or win the battle, and ten times that sum was offered that Oliver would not beat his opponent in an hour. The original fixture for the battle was Bindlow Common, within easy distance of the metropolis, but for some reason it was at the very last moment changed to Crawley Hurst, near Copthorne Common, upwards of thirty miles from Cockneydom. This occasioned a deal of dissatisfaction, and compelled many to abandon their purpose of being in at the death, after having come before the division, who for sometime had been engaged in teaching the art of self-defence in Dublin. He was regarded as a suitable opponent for the Irish champion, for, though twenty-eight pounds less in weight, he had a brilliant record, and his superior skill was acknowledged. He had fought four times in England, defeating H. Lancaster, Joy and Molineux, and being beaten by Tom Oliver. A purse of £120 was originally offered as the battle-money, the loser to receive £20 thereof, but on the morning of fighting, after the men had entered the inclosure or ground over an hour, it was announced that the funds collected would admit of but £60 being given to the winner, and nothing to the losing man. Cooper thereupon declared that he would not fight, but as Donnelly expressed a willingness to receive the entire sum himself, his opponent was prevailed upon to accept the situation and do likewise. This he probably did in a measure through dread of the result, should he persist in disappointing the thousands of spectators present, who almost to a man were friends of his adversary.

The character of the fighting in the first round convinced all that they were to witness a repetition of the Donnelly and Hall affair, for though England's representative demonstrated that his skill was finer than that possessed by his *vis-a-vis*, this was more than counterbalanced by the greater height, weight, length of reach and strength of his antagonist, who looked a very Hercules. The shout that went up from the tight boys of the sod when their idol floored Cooper with a cannon shot on the dial resembled somewhat the yell of anything but delight, and threatening to write to the newspapers, and bring an action for damages for loss of time against the company, and making themselves as uncomfortable as possible, the Americans—male and female—have sat as quiet and composed as though they were in their own dwellings, and have striven to make the best of a bad job.

Never, however, had I seen this spirit of resignation more perfectly carried out than on the present occasion. Indeed, so far from complaining of the delay, the passengers, one and all, seemed to regard it as a likely casualty of the trip, and one that was rather agreeable to them than otherwise.

About ten o'clock—when, according to my original calculation, I ought to have arrived at my destination, and to have been enjoying the hospitalities of my expected friends, instead of which, in reality, I scarcely twenty miles from my point of departure, and nearly, if not quite, as far distant from Picton as I was when I embarked at Lewiston—one of the waiters made his appearance, ringing a bell this time instead of beating a gong, and shouting out, as he passed along the decks, and through the saloon:

"Any ladies or gentelmen wish, 'fore dey retire, for take a glass ob wine or brandy an' water, an' lilly someting to eat, please step below."

There was almost as general, though a little more decorous, a stampede into the lower cabin as there had been when supper was announced, and again I was left the sole occupant of the upper deck.

The waiter came forth from the saloon, still ringing his bell, as if delighted with the noise, and peering into the darkness, to see whether he had beaten up all the passengers. Presently he caught sight of me.

"Gentelman please not go below, take little 'freshment 'fore him retire, sah?" he said, coming towards me.

"No," I replied: "I want nothing—I never take anything after supper:" which was not a perfectly truthful statement on my part. Besides, I had really taken no supper, unless the consumption of a captain's biscuit may be so termed.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

MORE OF THAT "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

BY THE THIN CONTRIBUTOR.

I've been watching the snow, the "Beautiful Snow," as

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

CHARLEY BACKUS AND THE DEAD-HEADS.

We have frequently had occasion to speak of the deadhead system. We remember that once, when this subject was attracting considerable attention, we happened to meet Mr. Backus in a Bleecker-street car, and during the course of conversation the subject was alluded to. We shall now let Backus tell his own story. And if the reader has ever heard Backus tell a gag, he may imagine how irresistibly funny it was related.

"Oh, yes, he! he! You see, they were filling up the place. Man comes along, looks at the doorkeeper, and says, 'Don't you know me? Why, I'm from the ——.' In goes Mr. Man. Another and another comes along. All go in, of course; but when I heard of it, and read that article of yours, of course I was going to stop it. You ought to have seen me do it! He! he! Yes, sir! I stood out by the entrance one night, and along comes a fellow dressed to death; he said he was from the ——. 'Go right in,' says I. Presently along comes another, and then another, all dressed to kill, all from the different papers. By-and-bye a seedy-looking cuss, with long hair and an umbrella, pops in, and comes wriggling up to the gate, and was on the point of going in, when I tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'My friend, you forgot your ticket.' This is the joke. Oh, it will kill you! Well, you ought to have seen that fellow look at me. 'I don't want any ticket, Mr. Backus!' I am from the ——.' Well, of course, I didn't know whether he was lying or not; so I just said, 'We have made some new arrangements.' He pulls out his pocket-book and buys a ticket, and in he goes. Damn me if he wasn't the right man, after all. To think that I stood there passing in the beats, as I found out afterwards, and kicked the right man out. Oh, it was rich!"

"The paper gave you a notice, I presume?"

"Notice? Thunder! didn't you see it? Why, it warmed us, I can tell you. But it cured me. Birch and the others can look after the door, but you don't get Backus again. Come up and see us."

MY MOTHER'S LAST KISS.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY GEO. WARE.
DEDICATED TO THE READERS OF THE CLIPPER.

Only a kiss, a kiss of affection—
Affection as pure as the white falling snow;
Years have passed by, but still the reflection
Brings tears to my eyes—to my heart, grief and woe.
'Twas my mother's last kiss, on her death bed a-dying—
Angels receive her!—her fond love I miss.
Hours by her bedside I watched her while dying,
Well I remember my mother's last kiss.
Chorus.—Come here, my darling, kiss your poor mother,
Soon I shall be in a mansion of bliss.
Gone to her home, to the heavens above her—
Well I remember my mother's last kiss.

Who can forget a kind, loving mother,
With eyes beaming love, so gentle and mild?
Others may love you, but on earth no other
Can love like that fond mother who loves her own child.
I oft think of mother, in her cold grave a-lying,
And in the old home her kind voice I miss;
Well I remember my dear mother, dying,
Well I remember my mother's last kiss.
Chorus.—Come here, my darling, etc.

THE WOODEN PLAYERS OF 1773.

The introduction of the Royal Marionettes into this country by Mr. John E. McDonough, and the favor with which they have been received, may give additional interest to the following notice—of the appearance of a company of puppets in London one hundred years ago—which we find in *The Town and Country Magazine* dated February, 1773:

On Monday, the 15th of February, the long-expected wooden company made their appearance at the theatre in the Haymarket; the audience was very numerous, who compelled the doorkeepers to open the upper gallery, which was not designed, as, from the disposition of the false stage, this gallery could not command a proper view of the performers: the orchestra was also filled with gentlemen, which gave Mr. Foote occasion to come forward and beg permission for the fiddlers to scrape behind the scenes. At seven o'clock he addressed himself to the audience in a very genteel, new, and well-written epilogue, pointing out to the audience the long existence of the species of the drama he was attempting to revive; its superior excellence over other dramas, and showing by what means it grew into disrepute. He concluded his address by observing, that he wished there were in this town no other puppet show but that at his theatre; and informed the house that the piece about to be performed was a sentimental comedy, called "The Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens;" that the audience would not discover much wit and humor in it, for that his brother writers had all agreed it was highly improper, and beneath the dignity of a mixed assembly to show any signs of joyful satisfaction, and that creating a laugh was forcing the higher order of the audience to a vulgar and mean use of their muscles; he had, therefore, like them, given up the scenes for the sentimental style. When the curtain drew up, a figure, admirably well made and dressed, was discovered bowing to the audience, and, according to the usual contrivance at a puppet show, spoke a humorous prologue, in which he personated a sap, declaring himself the stripe[illegible] of an oak, and to have been made into a vessel, which was now put up to rot in a dock; and that he stood forth a cudgel for the present follies of the age. The piece was of two acts; the story, a servant-girl who was fallen in love with by her master, and offered a settlement by him, but is warned by Thomas the butler, who loves her, and tells her to beware of her master, for, if she once loses her virtue, she will have no pretensions to chastity. She takes his advice, and slights her master, who, overcome by her honest principles and the strength of his passion, offers to marry her: she begs Thomas may be by to hear the reply she gives to such a noble offer, when she immediately bestows her hand on the butler for counseling her so well. The Squire, vanquished by such superior goodness, gives his consent to their junction, when the heroine, out of gratitude for his great condescension, resolves to marry neither, and to live single, although she loves them both. Just at the conclusion of the piece, a constable enters (to take up the puppets and carry them before Justice Girkin, an oilman in the Strand), who has issued his warrant for their apprehension as vagrants, together with Foote. A most witty, laughable examination scene ensues at the Justice's house, where the puppets are brought, and the counselors, Quirk (a Scotch advocate), and Quibbie appear, one against the other, for the puppets. It is agreed that the puppets cannot be committed or punished under the vagrant act, as all the whipping in the world could never make them labor, and the food prescribed to be given, viz., bread and water, nothing could either induce them to chew or swallow. An argument ensues what shall be done with Foote; the Scotchman says he ought to be sent to the house of correction, as he is surely no puppet; the other declares he will not altogether agree to that, for that Foote is certainly a fourth part of him a puppet, his left leg being composed of the same materials as his figures: and if he is committed as a man, the puppet part of him has a right to his action for damages; on the other hand, if he is committed as a puppet, the body may sue for false imprisonment. It is at length decided, by learnedly consenting, that the only way will be by waiting till they can catch his body without his leg, or his leg without his body. At the conclusion of the show, the galleries became very clamorous, and were for pronouncing its final doom, owing partly to the shortness of the piece, and partly to the unfavorable manner in which those in the upper gallery must have seen it. The polite part of the audience in the boxes, however, supported it so forcibly that it was given out for the Wednesday following; but Mr. Foote being advised by his friends to add some additional scenes, in order to lengthen it, and make it fill the time of a dramatic representation, it has been postponed for some days.

A PARODY ON "MY GAL."

To JAMES HAGGERTY, WILLIMANTIC, CT.
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

My Sal, my Sal, I'll personate to her domicile,
For I aint got any other occupation to bother me;
Ise going to see this concentrated conglomeration of
malice,
To drive away my low spiritedness.
My Sally dear is a scrumptious sort of a female;
We's gwine before de preacher man's presently,
And then we'll agitate our pedal extremities
By the sound of the integuments ob de feline intestines.
Chorus.—We'll display our terpsichorean proclivities—
We'll exercise our vocalistic abilities—
We'll shout till de rising ob de bose illuminator,
Then pedestrianize to our proper professions
At the sound ob a two-cent fish-horn.

My coal-black Sal is as lively as a hopograss—
She can agitate her pedal extremities quite lovely,
You ought to observe our mule-back get away with him-
self
When I take this bunch of shoe-blacking out for an airing.
She can wash, she can talk in six dead languages—
She can terribly trouble all the sewing-machines that
took the gold medal;
Wear out your bronchial tube, we's gwine before the
preacher man's
To be harnessed in de bands of hemlock this evening.
Chorus.—We'll display our terpsichorean proclivities, etc.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE BOWERY THEATRE.

We present our readers with an advertisement of the Bowery Theatre during its first season, that of 1826-7, contributed by Mr. A. A. Sherman of Coeymans, N. Y. We have reason to believe that "The Deserter" was the first ballet of action ever produced on the American stage, because we find it recorded that on Feb. 7, 1827, Mme. Francisquy Hutin made her first appearance in America at this theatre, and then introduced the modern French school of dancing on the American stage. She danced a *pas seul* only. On March 1, 1827, Mons. and Mme. Achille made their American debut at this theatre, and danced a *pas de deux*. Henry Wallack, who commenced a star engagement on June 9, and was the representative of Alexis and Frederick the Great, died in New York Aug. 30, 1870. Mons. and Mme. Achille last appeared in public at the Richmond-hill Theatre in 1832, and the latter for many years afterwards kept a popular dancing academy in this city. Signor Angrisani we believe to have been the bass singer who appeared with Signorita Garcia, afterwards Malibran, in opera, at the Park Theatre, Nov., 1825. Mr. Durang, who played Jean Louis, was a member of the regular company, of whom we can find no record. Mr. Charles Young, who was the stage-manager of the theatre, died at Norfolk, Va., in 1833. In that year he contracted an extraordinary marriage with Mrs. Duff, the celebrated tragic actress, the rite being solemnized both by a Protestant and a Catholic clergyman, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Hilson as witnesses; but the lady refused to consummate the match on the ground that she was persuaded to it during a temporary aberration of mind caused by the use of opium, while plunged in domestic trouble, and they were soon after legally separated. Mr. Thomas Faulkner died in 1847. Mrs. Barrett died at Boston, Mass., in 1832. Mrs. H. A. Williams, who in 1828 married Robert Maywood, died in 1835. Mrs. H. Wallack, who acted Augustus, died in London, Eng., July 18, 1860. Mrs. Hughes, who afterwards became very popular as Burton's Theatre, is probably living in this city, as we can find no record of her death. The Mlle. Celeste underlined probably referred to Mlle. Celeste, who made her American debut on June 27 of that year.

NEW-YORK THEATRE, BOWERY.
Fifth night of the grand ballet of action called
THE DESERTER.

This evening, June 21, will be performed, for the fifth time in America, the grand ballet of action as performed at the Opera-house, Paris, got up under the immediate direction of Monsieur Achille, called
THE DESERTER.

Not willing to retard the representation of this ballet, Madame Achille, notwithstanding her recent illness, has kindly consented, and will make her appearance in the prominent part of Jeanette, claiming the indulgence of a liberal public.

Alexis	Mr. Wallack
The General	Mr. Young
Montauciel	Sig. Achille
Louise	Mme. Hutin
Nicaise	Mons. Angrisani
Jeanette	Mme. Achille
Jean Louis	Mr. Durang

Previous to the grand ballet will be performed the drama called

THE TWO PAGES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Frederick the Great	Augustus ..... Mrs. Wallack
Mr. Wallack	Madame Kitzberg
Phelps ..... Mr. Faulkner	Mrs. Williams
Theodore ..... Mrs. G. Barrett	Madame Phelps ..... Mrs. Hughes

The manager takes great pleasure in announcing the arrival of Mlles. Celestine and Lengis from the Opera-house, Paris.

MOUNT PITT CIRCUS,
Grand, opposite Harman street.
THIS EVENING, JUNE 21,
the performance will commence with
SPORTS OF THE RING
by the company.

The Rival Beauties	By Messrs. H. and D. Eberle
Horsemanship	By Mr. Stickney
A Fancy Dance	By Miss Eberle

Metamorphosis of the Sack, or the Clown deceived by a Woman, on two horses ..... By Mr. La Forest

Mr. Maden will perform in imitation of the celebrated Greek Rhigas, and go through his wonderful performance with cups, balls, Grecian daggers, plates, etc.
Horsemanship by Master Whittaker, without saddle or bridle.

"SIX FEET OF EARTH."

"DEDICATED TO DAN SHELBY,"
BY JOE A. GULICK.

I'll sing you a song of the world and its ways,
And the many strange people we meet,
From the rich man who rolls in his millions of wealth
To the poor starving wretch in the street.
Now, a man, though he's poor and in tatters and rags,
We should never affect to despise,
But think of the adage—remember, my friends,
That "six feet of earth make all men of one size."
There's the rich man with thousands to spare if he choose,
But he haughtily holds up his head,
And thinks he's above the mechanic who toils
And is honestly earning his bread;
But his gold and his jewels he can't take along
To the world up above, when he dies;
For death levels all, and conclusively shows
That "six feet of earth make all men of one size."
There's many a coat that is tattered and torn
That covers a brave, manly heart—
But because he's not dressed like his neighbor, in silks,
Society keeps them apart;
On one fortune smiles, while the other one fails,
No matter what venture he tries,
Till time in the end calls them both to the grave,
And "six feet of earth make both men of one size."
Then, oh, when we see a poor fellow that tries
To battle the world and its frown,
Let's help him along, and perchance he'll succeed—
Don't crush him and still push him down;
For a cup of cold water in charity given
Is remembered with joy in the skies;
We're all human beings, we've all got to die,
And six feet of earth make us all of one size.
Little Rock, Ark.

THE MONKEY ACTOR.

During the days of the old Chatham, Signor Canito, who was a member of the stock, did all the monkey business, and was considered at that time one of the best ape performers on the stage, either here or in Europe. It was in those days when Frank Chanfrau and Barney Williams were little fellows, standing at the back door to catch a glimpse of the actors. The Signor was a favorite with the public and with the company. Besides being a meritorious performer, he was quite skillful with his pen, and had written several farces. In company with several of the stock members, he visited the "House of Commons," then the great resort for professionals, and there he met Mr. Conway (whose estimable wife has a theatre in Brooklyn bearing her name), who had lately arrived in this country from London. Introductions were exchanged, and a number of glasses were emptied before the party started for home. Conway and the Signor became quite intimate, and on their leaving the saloon the signor offered to accompany him home.

"What?" replied Conway, half in earnest, half in jest. "What do you take me for? The idea! Julius Cæsar walking down Broadway with a monkey?"

It was a long time before the Signor heard the last of this joke, but Conway evidently remembers the occurrence to this day.

NEVER GO BACK ON AN OLD FRIEND IN NEED.
A Motto Song.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND JOHN WILSON,
BY BILLY DEVERE.

Since apothegms now have become all the fashion,
There's one I've selected and studied with care—
It is not philosophic, it doesn't sound dashing,
But it nurtures the germs of affection so rare.
Let misanthropes sneer and philosophers argue,
By their plausible reasoning be not deceived;
But keep to the right as you travel life's pathway,
And "never go back on an old friend in need."
Chorus.—Let this be your motto—all honor to labor,
Stand firm for the right in both word and in deed,
Divide your last loaf with a suffering neighbor,
And "never go back on an old friend in need."

His clothes may be tattered, his hands hard and horny,
You know that he's honest and "true to the core,"
Life's pathway to him may be troubled and thorny,
While we accompany pass him and know him no more;
But grasp his rough hand with an honest affection,
Dispelling the clouds where his duty may lead,
And wealth cannot purchase this sweet recollection—
Ah, "never go back on an old friend in need."
Chorus.—Let this be your motto, etc.

There may come a time when adversity's ocean
Will roll its dark waves o'er your sorrowing head,
When the sunbeams of hope are engulphed in commotion,
And life's dearest objects seem withered and dead;
But Bethlehem's star shall arise in its glory,
Illumine its rays and strong hands shall be with you, in-
deed,
As read in the Bible that wondrous story, [deed,
And "never go back on an old friend in need."
Chorus.—Let this be your motto, etc.

All honor to him who in right never falters,
Who offers his friendship, his heart in his hand;
Whose judgment no "They Sayer" ever can alter,
He is worthy to be the first judge in the land.
And when he shall pass from this world to another,
Write in letters of gold (that all who run may read)—
Tread softly above the dear head of a brother
Who "never went back on an old friend in need."
Chorus.—Let this be your motto, etc.

New Orleans.

THE REBUILT NATIONAL OF BOSTON.

The programme which follows is that of a performance given at the National, Boston, which was first opened in 1852, and destroyed by fire ten years later. "Jack Sheppard" was finely brought out, and had a good run. Mlle. Duret made a capital Jack. Most of the company are living, including Mrs. Cunningham, now known as Mrs. L. Germon; Julia Daly, in England; Annie Taylor, now Mrs. G. W. Stoddart; Agnes Allen, living in Boston; G. W. Stoddart, in New York; Mr. Lingham, in the West; Paullin, in California. Manager Fleming, L. P. Roys, P. Cunningham, C. W. Hield, and Miss Arnold are dead. To Charles H. Pattee, counsellor-at-law, Boston, we are under renewed obligations for the bill.

NATIONAL THEATRE.
Under the management of ..... W. M. FLEMING
First Night of Engagement of ..... Farquhar's Celebrated Play of
THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.
Boxes, $5; Family Circle, 25 cts.; Gallery, 12½ cts. Doors open at 6½. Curtain rises at 7 o'clock.
Positively last appearance but three of
MLLE. MARIE DURET,
the original Jack Sheppard, and best in the world, who will appear once more in the greatest dramatic version of the story that has ever been produced.
ON TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 30, 1855,
will be performed the drama, in four acts and forty-two tableaux, entitled
JACK SHEPPARD THE HOUSEBREAKER.

Jack Sheppard	Austin ..... Taylor
Mlle. Marie Duret	Marvel ..... Read
Sir Rowland Trenchard	Charcum ..... Powell
Mr. Lingham	Sharples ..... Wilson
Jonathan Wild ... L. P. Roys	Mrs Constance Shep-ard ..... Mrs. Hield
Thames Darrell ... G. W. Stoddart	Lady Trafford ... Agnes Allen
Blueskin ..... C. W. Hield	Mrs. Wood ..... Jane Parker
Owen Wood ..... Paullin	Edgworth Bess ... Miss Arnold
Abraham Mendez ... Verney	Rachel ..... Annie Taylor
Quiet Arnold ..... Loud	Poll ..... Miss Florence
Kettleby ..... Johnson	Bess ..... Miss A. Bacon
Jump ..... Parson	Sally ..... Miss Boyce
Kneebone ..... Pardey	Mrs. Sapling ... Miss Wilford
Shotbolt ..... Brown	

Villagers, Police, Turnkeys, etc.
To conclude with
PERFECTION

Charles, Mr. G. W. Stoddart	Kate O'Brien .....
Sir Lawrence	Mrs. Cunningham
P. C. Cunningham	Susan ..... Julia Daly
Sam ..... C. W. Hield	

To-morrow evening, benefit of MRS. CUNNINGHAM. "Ida May" has been dramatized for this theatre, and will be produced on Friday evening.

"WHEN YOU'LL BE SUCH AS THEY."

DEDICATED TO BOBBY HULL, CHARACTER VOCALIST.

Never make fun of people once young,
But now on the verge of the grave;
Never deny their fancies and whims,
But gratify all that they crave.
Never deride them tottering along,
For surely 'tis no fault of theirs,
But honor them all, as every one should—
There's no disgrace in gray hairs.
Chorus.—Remember, the hours fly swiftly by—
Our life is as but a day;
The time will come, and not far hence,
When you'll be such as they.

When they are sick, then is the time
They mostly need your care:
Turn them not the shoulder cold,
'Tis more than man can bear.
Care for them with heart and soul,
Kind words from you can—
To cherish, honor and respect,
Is the true ideal of man.
Chorus.—Remember the hours, etc.

MARK TRACY.

A MEMENTO OF CHASE'S MINSTRELS.

Among the many troupes that rose and fell during the war was that known as Chase's New York Minstrels, a programme of whose performances at St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., in the Summer of 1861, we present through the courtesy of Ike W. Bishop of Springfield, Ohio. The names are nearly all familiar to our readers, but the voices of some of them will never be heard again, nor will their funny actions again awaken the risibilities of those who beheld them "as they were in their lives." Among the dead may be mentioned Charley Fox, one of the most original and quaint comedians that ever put on "the black." Charley played with several of our own best troupes, and was always a favorite in this city.

CHASE'S NEW YORK MINSTRELS.

H. A. Chase, Jr.	Manager | J. Savori ..... Stage-Manager
Wm. L. Hobbs	Musical Director
S. Ferguson and D. C. Winans	Agents

PROGRAMME FOR THIS EVENING.—PART I.

Overture	Company
Operatic Chorus	Company
Old Black Oak	J. W. Hilton
Babylon is Fallen	Dave Reed
Bright Moonlight Sea	W. P. Grier
That Little Gal with a Hood On	Charley Fox
Mother Kissed Me in My Dreams	C. C. Templeton
Finale Medley	Company

PART II.

Pathetic Ballad	Charley Fox

JOHNNY SCHMOKER.
By the Pliny-Willie-Wink Band.
NANCY FAT.
Eccentric song-and-dance, Dave Reed.

Clarionet Solo	W. L. Hobbs

THE THREE STRIKERS,
Reed, Fox and Wallace.

Clog Dance	J. Wright
Comic Banjo Solo	J. Wallace

THE BLACK CHEMIST.

Prof. Hemlock	J. Savori | Student ..... Dave Reed

Patient ..... J. Wallace.
To conclude with D. D. Emmett's plantation scene,
ON TO RICHMOND,
Introducing the whole company.
Admission, twenty-five cents. Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Curtain rises at 8¼ o'clock.

LADIES' LOGIC.—In the talk of some ladies who move in a tolerably good position, but who have been imperfectly educated, I have heard droll specimens of illogical reasoning. The following are two instances. A married lady with a family, who lived in a villa in the exterior environs of London, was asked why she was at the expense of keeping a cow, seeing that it would be surely much cheaper to buy milk for the household. "Well," said she in reply, "we keep the cow because we have a field quite at hand, which answers very nicely." "But," was the rejoinder, "why do you rent the field?" The answer was: "Because you know, we have got the cow!" The other instance occured in my young days at Peebles. A lady in reduced circumstances mentioned to a friend that she had just arranged to rent a house belonging to a baker in the town. The friend was somewhat surprised at the announcement, considering the lady's circumstances, and asked if the expense would not be too much for her. "Oh, not at all," was the answer; "we'll take bread for the rent!"

A BUNCH of shingles fell from a wagon on the Troy ferry-boat recently, and struck fairly upon the head of a colored woman, who said, "I' oughter b' shame to muss a cullud woman's har dat way. I wish de shingles fell ovahboard."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES

HIS CONFESSION.

(*After Bret Harte.*)
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Yer pardon stranger;
But, yer see,
They got ter flow
When they come on me.
Why those tears?—
If yer knew the cost—
About a wife,
But for some time lost.
"Dead?" Not exactly;
Don't yer understan'?
Vamosed, yer see,
With another man.
"Wiped? Yer bet.
Couldn't stand it, yer know;
Kin bet yer bottom dollar
He went under, *long* ago.
"Returned?" Well, yes;
To die on this ere breast,
Asking my forgiveness,
Then she sank to rest.

FRANK MCHALE.

SHOP, SALOON AND STREET.
The Downward Career of a Boston Girl.

A writer in that live Eastern daily *The Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, who has been interviewing some of the *nymphs du pave* of that moral city, gives to the public the following experience of Nettie Norton, as related by herself. Nettie was born and educated in the State of Maine, and from six to thirteen years of age resided with an uncle, a farmer, whose second wife, "a scolding, fault finding, wrangling woman," made life aught but pleasant to her. In the Summer Nettie was kept at work on the farm, and in Winter she attended a country school, where she pursued her studies so diligently that at the age mentioned she had acquired a very fair education. She was now bound out to learn the tailoring trade, and at fifteen had become such an expert on pants and vests that she was able to made $10 weekly. At sixteen she was made forewoman in another establishment, where she remained eighteen months, when work became dull and she lost the situation. She then determined to go to Boston and seek employment. She had but $1.40 when she arrived, but being a keen, bright, fresh and young girl "right from the bush," she easily obtained a situation as waiter in a popular saloon in Court street, at a salary of $16 per month, with board, lodging and washing.

On making this engagement Nettie was a blooming, healthy, strong, full-blooded girl of eighteen years, good game for the spoiler. As a table attendant in this saloon she was constantly engaged in serving customers with plain, hot and mixed drinks. At first the very smell of these liquors was sickening to her, but, as is usually the case, she soon became accustomed to it, and finally cultivated a taste for strong drink herself, and, as she explains it, "a cultivated taste for anything is the hardest of all to break off." Nettie had been in this saloon but a few months before she became quite intimate with "a spruce young man," who was in the employ of the same saloon proprietors. They became strongly attached to each other, or, in other words, "dead in love." A regular saloon courtship followed, and with the opportunities there afforded, their intimacy grew rapidly. One Sunday he hired her to ride, and, after accepting, they drove to Fresh Pond, where they had refreshments, most of which came from the wine-room, and there, on that quiet Sabbath eve, a star fell from heaven, and Nettie Newton was a ruined girl. Continuing along with her regular work in the saloon, her appetite for drink grew upon her, and she soon became restless. "Her friend," the young man who had seduced her, was killed by accident on a railroad. Then she "drifted" from one saloon to another, till within a period of a few months she had been employed in five different saloons. In the meantime she "willingly" became intimate with other young men, and in course of time became a mother, giving her child to a respectable family at the West-end. She was now about twenty years old, and, having left her former place, found employment in a large establishment, which is a saloon, concert and a "bed-house" above. This concern did a large business, being frequented by loose women and reckless, unprincipled men. Here she remained some time, floating about among the customers of the establishment, all of whom were fast, and "myself as bad as any of them."

While engaged at this saloon she had full charge of the rooms, was expected to see the people who came there, to receive pay for the rooms, and to exercise a general supervision of the place. One day a couple of nicely dressed young men called and engaged a couple of rooms for a few hours. They paid Nettie for the same and then left. About 4 o'clock they called at the side entrance, being accompanied by two school-girls from twelve to fourteen years of age. The girls had their books with them, and were very giddy. On meeting this party in the entry-way at the door Nettie flatly refused to allow the girls to "go up-stairs." The young men were indignant and almost violent; but Nettie was in earnest, and though the girls themselves, through the use of many unreportable expressions, indicated that they were demoralized parties in the circumstances in habit of doing such things, she would not allow them quarters in the house; so she returned to the young men the money she had received for the use of the room and ordered them out of the house. As recited by Nettie herself, with her face flushed with indignation, there was in this little story evidence that even in her deepest degradation there is something in a woman's heart that she holds sacred—something that is undefiled, and that rises up as a remembrance of her higher and purer nature. But this was "an up and down life" for Nettie, and, becoming tired and disgusted therewith, she started out on another tangent, and with her pale and pretty face and gay attire took to the street.

Starting out as a regular night-walker less than a year ago, she struck in upon some of the most fashionable beats of the South-end, and for some months led a life that was anything but gilt-edged. Frequently, as she reports it, she would "walk up and down along the crowded walk for nights and never make a dollar." And then again her star would be in the ascendant, and an evening's walk along certain streets would net her $40 or $50. But this particular feature of her shame was followed by many terrible accompaniments, and, becoming tired of leading such a life exclusively, she again took to her needle, receiving work in a large tailoring establishment at South Boston, and at the same time took a room with a married sister. Being an expert on pants, she easily earned from $12 to $18 per week. Yet this was not enough to meet all her demands, and, managing to deceive her sister with one excuse and another, she would be on the street, or fill engagements made by letter, one or two nights in the week. This she did as "a mere pastime," as she explains it. It was nothing that she coveted, but she did it more from the force of habit than anything else, and also to keep her purse full, or, to use her own words, "to make gin money," as her appetite for drink was still unconquered. In this establishment she worked up to October last, hoping to eventually be able to break entirely away from her life of shame. But the panic came; business was dull, and she with others was discharged. Being entirely out of work, she quietly left the home of her sister, hired and furnished a pleasant room at the South-end, and again took to the street, but never, though often urged so to do, would she step her foot within the doors of a regular brothel. That is a feature of "fast life" that Nettie Newton has always abhorred, as in such houses a girl was obliged to do as others dictated, and she preferred to do as best pleased herself. So Nettie is on the street now, and any pleasant night people who pass along Washington street and look into the face of a neatly dressed, bright-eyed, pretty-featured, and naughty little girl may chance to catch a smile from the fast but good-natured Nettie Newton.

"PSYCHIC HEALING FORCE."
Trial and Acquittal of Dr. Bennett.

Some weeks ago we alluded to the arrest of Dr. Calvin C. Bennett, a traveling physician and practitioner of "Psychic Healing Force," upon the charge of having committed an indecent assault upon a young lady who for nearly or quite fifteen years has been confined to her house by a disease that had resisted the efforts of various physicians to cure. Dr. Bennett claims to be able to cure such diseases by gaining psychological influence over his patients, the healing influence being transmitted to the sufferer by contact and manipulation. To effectually secure such transmission it is necessary that as much as possible of his body come in contact with that of the person treated, and his attempt to effect this original and the serious charge preferred by Miss Alice M. Ball. To accomplish it he removed his shoes and coat, lay down on the bed and gathered his patient close to him, when she became alarmed, and, drawing away, declined to continue the experiments. The doctor thereupon withdrew, after informing her residence would prevent a cure. Shortly afterwards the doctor, who was notified to discontinue his visits, was arrested.

The case came on for trial in the District Court, before Judge Joseph Tucker, Dec. 10, and continued five whole days, reaching with adjournments to Dec. 24. The psychic treatment of Dr. B. in Miss Ball's case was all laid open to the public by the direct and cross-examination of Miss Ball, and also by that of Dr. B. himself. All that appeared from the examination of Miss Ball was, that the treatment was different from that of the allopathic school, but had in it not one thing that was indelicate or reasonably objectionable. It appeared that Dr. B.'s treatment required that the patient should lie in bed in her night-clothing, but that no part of her person had ever been exposed, nor anything done to justify or even excuse a legal inquiry. Experts in this mode of healing were called from Philadelphia, to wit, Drs. Blackman and Lourence of the Penn Medical University, who declared under affirmation that Dr. B. had done nothing in the treatment of Miss Ball that was improper or objectionable under the circumstances. Dr. B. was called on to explain his theory of healing, which he did in a candid, straightforward and lucid manner, much to the edification of those whose prejudices did not absolutely close every avenue to new ideas. The witnesses for the prosecution were Alice M. Ball and her mother, and experts from the allopathic school of medicine. Two of these were summoned from New Haven, others from Pittsfield and the neighborhood. For the defense the witnesses were the defendant, two gentlemen who had talked with Alice after the suit was commenced, several gentlemen who testified that Dr. B. sustains an unblemished character, experts from Detroit in Dr. B.'s system of healing, and Dr. Loomis of Pittsfield. On Dec. 30 the accused was discharged from custody, having been honorably acquitted.

AN AGED MONSTER.

Geo. Burrell, a gray-headed man, sixty-four years of age, an old resident of Dubuque County, who occupied the office of county supervisor five or six years ago, and who has had three wives, stands accused, before the courts, of the crime of incest. The victim of this horrid fact is Miss Elizabeth Burrell, his niece, now a woman in her twenty-third year with a decidedly handsome pale face, were it not for the brutal stain her uncle's conduct has left upon her woman's name. She came to Burrell from relatives in Canada about eight years ago, when she was in her fifteenth year. She came to live with his family on the Burrell farm in Center township, at his own request, and while he was living with his third wife. Their manner of life being quiet and secluded, and Burrell being artful and cunning in satisfying his carnal desires with the girl, and putting her to secrecy by exacting from her the most solemn promises, and soothing her troubled conscience with blandishments which only the deepest villainy can contrive, his crime, though commencing soon after the girl entered his family, was not discovered until lately. When the girl began to show signs of approaching maternity, a few months ago, Burrell sent her to attend school in Dubuque, and those with whom the girl came in contact there did not suspect anything wrong until two weeks ago, though it appears that during this latter time she had given birth to a child, and was immediately afterward sent down river by Burrell to conceal his crime. Alex. Mabee, another uncle of the girl, living in Center township, however, became solicitous to know her whereabouts, suspected something was wrong, and sent down river and brought her home. On meeting her Uncle Mabee, the girl confessed the story of her wrongs without equivocation. On learning of the girl's return home, the nature of the suspicions against him, and the probability of his arrest, Burrell left Center township on Saturday last, and came to Dubuque, where he remained to avoid arrest at home and the story of his crime coming directly to his wife, and he was arrested at the New York House, in this city, on Monday afternoon, upon a warrant issued by Justice Cantillon. He gave bonds for his appearance Tuesday morning, when his bondsmen delivered him into court again. He remained in custody in the court-room all day yesterday, vainly endeavoring to obtain bailsmen for his appearance at the next term of the District Court, and, we understand, lodged in jail last night.—*Dubuque* (Ia.) *Herald*, Dec. 31.

A RUSSIAN DRAMA.

Some years ago a Russian merchant was staying down in the country at the house of a friend of his. While there a *liaison* sprang up between him and a damsel, who is described as Mlle. Deschamps. It lasted some time and was kept profoundly secret. Ultimately M. Tchikhatchew went back to St. Petersburg. He settled there and married, and was leading a very comfortable life, when one fine morning he was disagreeably surprised by getting a note from his former flame Mlle. Deschamps. It was to this effect: "Dear J., I am going to marry your friend Noiset, at whose house you were staying when I made your acquaintance. What passed between us must be kept quiet, I need hardly say. I want you to come to the wedding and give me away." M. Tchikhatchew complied with the request, gave the bride away, and went home again. In July last, however, business called him to the village of his former sojourn, where, of course, he saw his old friend Noiset, who warmly invited him to come over and have some lunch. He unsuspectingly complied. But when he had entered the dining-room, to his great astonishment, Mme. Noiset rose from her chair, went to the door, locked it, and put the key into her pocket, and, addressing her prenuptial lover, coolly told him she must have an explanation with him in her husband's presence. Tchikhatchew stood aghast. The lady, however, with the utmost impeturbable deamanor, gave an account of their past *liaison*, in which she had described herself as much more of a victim than had been really the case, and called on Tchikhatchew to confirm the truth of her story. He could not, of course, go into details, and gave a general assent. Mme. Noiset then proceeded, "You understand—that the past must be wiped away, and stoned for—you will find on that table a dagger and a revolver. My husband and I will leave the room. You, as a man of honor, know what course you have to follow." Tchikhatchew did *not* see what course he had to follow, so he soon left leave the room too. But the lady sternly rebuked him, and informed him that her honor and her husband's peace of mind required that he should commit suicide. Upon which she and her husband went out, locking the door after them. Tchikhatchew accordingly escaped, and, making all speed to Petersburg, giving out there that he was off to Paris. The irate couple rushed after him, and after an exciting chase, came up with their victim early last month. Noiset proposed a duel, and on Tchikhatchew protesting that he was not a fighting man, rushed at him with a knife and dealt him, as they ran several wounds, while the amiable Mme. Noiset twice discharged a revolver, which completed the career of the unfortunate Tchikhatchew,—*St. Petersburg Gosloss.*

A BRIDE AT THIRTEEN.—The most interesting case tried before the police-court for some time was that of Dr. P. V. Roudiez vs. Rev. H. A. Wildridge, late pastor of the defunct Tabernacle Baptist Church. Wildridge, after having boarded some time in the family of Roudiez, and having induced the doctor's thirteen-year-old daughter to be baptized and join his church, proposed marriage to the girl and got her father's consent in writing. He then persuaded the town-clerk to sign a blank marriage-license, which was afterwards filled out by himself, stating the girl's age to be eighteen. After the marriage, which took place in this city, Wildridge and his child-wife returned to her father's house to all appearances, and staid till the reverend Benedict asked his father-in-law to repay certain money which he (Roudiez) had borrowed. Roudiez refused, and, on being threatened with legal suasion, got out a writ against his son-in-law Wildridge for "false representation in procuring marriage license," and Wildridge was arrested, but released on bail. When brought before Judge Carter yesterday, he pleaded not guilty, but he was fined $1 and costs, amounting to $8.50, from which judgment he appealed to the Superior Court.—*Springfield Republican.*

MIXED RELATIONSHIP OF MARRYING COUPLES.—*The Kalamazoo* (Mich.) *Gazette* thus records a marriage that lately took place there: "Mr. Woodhams, aged seventy-four, was married November 17 to Mrs. Lydia Gilkey, aged fifty-three. Both parties are residents of Plainwell, and among its most respected citizens. Aside from the fact of the age of the contracting parties the circumstances in the case lend to their marriage one of Mr. Woodhams' sons had married Mrs. Gilkey's daughter, and another son had married her sister. Thus the present Mrs. Woodhams is stepmother to her brother-in-law, mother-in-law to her own sister and daughter, grandmother to her sister's children, and aunt to her daughter's children, while Mr. Woodhams is uncle to his grandchildren, grandfather to his nephews and nieces, and brother-in-law to his own son; and in case of children being born to Mr. and Mrs. Woodhams, it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to trace out their relationship to all the uncles, aunts and sons-in-law.....From *The Richmond* (Va.) *Whig* we learn that "a marriage of a rather singular description took place in Greenbrier a short time since. A young man about eighteen years of age, by the name of Zoph, married his grandmother, a lady nearly forty. By this *coup de main* he becomes his father's pa and his own grandfather, and thereby occupies a supremely independent and enviable position."

THE RESULT OF ALLEGED UNFAITHFULNESS.—Thos. Cook, of Louisville, Ky., stabbed his wife five times, on Jan. 2, inflicting fatal mortal wounds. His brother-in-law, Mrs. Rutledge, attempted to interfere, when Cook stabbed her in the back, and then cut his own throat. Mrs. Rutledge died in a few minutes, and Cook and his

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business allowed for the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonio, Dora
Ayling, Mrs.
Arnold, Mazora
Aldine, Viola
Arnold, Mrs. Amos
Barrett, Pauline
Barnes, Mrs. R. D.
Baker, Mrs. Sara
Bell, Florence
Berger, Annie 6c.
Blande, Edith
Blake, Ada
Butler, Clara
Burke, Nellie M.
Carolina, Millie
Clark, Mrs. H. R.
Cushman, Charlotte
Charles, Jennie
Corelia, Annie
Chapman, Ella
Cole, Ettora
De Forest, May
Dacy, Ann
De Forest, Zoe
Delmay, Lulu
De Granville, Mlle.
Dunlap, Eunice
Elma, Sophie 16c.
Eccles, Mary S.
Engel, Jennie 6c.
Fitz, Mrs. Fannie
Fontainblean, Mlle.
Glover, Phillis (2)
Goodchild, Kate
Hayes, Caroline
Hill, Mrs Idra A.
Hubbard, Addie
Howard, Jennie
Hughes, Jennie 3c
Hill, Mary E.
Howitt, Nellie (2)
Harris, Mrs. Ida.
Howard, Mrs. G. O.
Howard, Jessie
Jarvis, Mrs. H
Kimberly
Kurzman, Pauline (2)
Kellogg, Clara Louise
Lee, Minnie
Kelsey, Lila
Lang, Iona (3)
La Verde, Bella
La Poina, Lottie
Leslie, Jennie
Lenoyle, Mary
Lisle, Minnie
Lennox, Adelaide
Mordaunt, Marion
Merritt, Mrs.
Martin
Morrow, Emma
Maeder Mollie
Markham, Pauline (3)
Murray, Lottie
Neville, Emma J.
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Newton, Flora
Nathans, Mrs. Philo 6c.
O'Brien, Norah
Phillips, Adelaide
Phillips, Isabella
Pauline, La Belle
Ryan, Mrs. Belvil
Richmond, Lulu
Shadley, Mrs. Malinda N.
Somers, Alice
Stone, Amy
Selwyn, Blanche
St. Clair, Rosa
Taylor, Nettie
Thompson, Charlotte (2)
Turnour, Mrs.
Hepsey
Vernal, Marie
Vincent, Nellie
Wyndham, Alice
Whitin, Mrs (2)
Western, Lucille
Wells, Minnie (2)
Wallace, Ida
Webster, Florence

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Gibbons, Eddie
Gibson, A. B.
Gorman, Eugene
Gaston, Albert
Gaffney, Dan
Gaffney, Hughey
Goss, Ned
Gentile, E. M. (2)
Gabel, Harry (3)
Graves, Edwin F. (2)
Pope, Joe
Pender, Geo.
Post, F. J.
Pastor, Frank
Page, H. S.
Phillips, Saml. E.
Phelon, C. J. (2)
Prince, Rossel A. West
Pullman Bros. (3)
Potter, C. A.
Pepper, Prof. J. H.
Pfaff, Henry
Phillips, Granville
Perry, Ben F.
Pritchard, Robt.
Paul, Chas. B.
Peckham, Geo.
Pendleton, Thos.
Queen's Circus, Manager &c. (2)
Rodewell, Eugene
Rickaby, Jno.
Rose, Frances O.
Russell, Sam
Rogers, Chas. (2) 16c.
Russell & De Witt's Minstrels
Robinson's Minstrels, Hy. Robinson, Manager
Robertson, A. (musician)
Rogers, Jas.
Roberts, N. D. (3) "Ricardo"
Rumbells, Bonnie
Rush, Jno.
Robinson, Prof. Wm. J.
Roache, Johnny A.
Rae, Geo. (with Bodeller (2)
Robbins, Frank
Rubini, P.
Sheppard, Will (2)
Smith, Wm.
Shay, Charlie
Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels
Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels
Seagrave, Billy
Sylvester, Jas.
Strong, H. C.
Sewan, R. N.
Stetson, Harry R.
Saunders, Jno.
Strakosch, Max
Stow, A. B.
Sweatland, Billy
Shields, J. H.
Scott, Alfred M.
Stone, Will H. (4)
Shepherd, Wilson
Stevens, Geo. H.
Stanley, Jno. S.
Shirley, A.
Schlottenback, E. L.
Spaulding & McDonough
Southard, W. H.
Stanley, Jno. S.
Strickland, Wm. H. 6c.
Sedley, Chas. (2)
Scraffor, Geo. E.
Stanley, Ernest
Stone, Den
Sylvester, Jas.
Thorne, Harry
Toby, Wm.
Tyler, Geo.
Tierney & Cronin
Tottee, J. S.
Thompson, Lysander S.
Thompson, Harry
Tillotson, F. W.
Trewella, Jno. H
Turner, Geo. Lee
Trepina, Jas. C.
Trontman, H. Esler
Tracy, John (2)
Ulmer, Frank (2)
Unthank, Jno. (2)
Van Amburgh's Circus
Watkins, Harry
Weaver, Johnny
Williams, Jesse
Willis, Oscar (2)
Watson, Tim
Wildman, F. J. (2)
Washburn, F. S (2)
Wells, Geo. H.
Warner, Henry Neil 12c.
Wood, Harry (chance artist)
Wambold, D. S.
Wayne, Ben
Ware & Lovely
Whalley, H. (musician)
Wardle, W.
Welsh, Decato
Williams, Steve
Weeks, E.
Wallace, Lew
Wendell, Geo.
Wills, Jas. S.
Wayman, Charlie
Wood Wm. Siddy
Williams, Sam
Walnut, S. W.
Wilton, Edward
Winnett, Tommy
Weiland, Mel
Washburn, Leon
Westendorf, Robt.
Wyman, Master Freddy
Wilson & Clark
Wheeler, Chas.
Werner, Master
Warner, Jno. E.
Wild, Jno.
Young, J. W. (end-man) (2) 26c
Yoman, F. D.
Zeigler, Sig. Chas. (4)

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 12, '74.

Under *moderately* encouraging circumstances, managers generally wear a cheerful aspect. When business has an upward look, and free passes are no longer necessary to give an air of affluence to the auditorium, a serene smile illumines the features of our managerial friends, and gives assurance of a nicely balanced condition of the human structure. But when an overpressure of patrons compels the hanging-out of the banner "Standing-room Only," then it is that managers enthuse all over, and enter into joys unknown to other men. Dear souls! How few of them have been thus elated this season! How many of them have shed bitter tears of sorrow and regret as they beheld the heavy ontgo and the skeleton-like appearance of the income.....A revolution is going on in show-life—changes are taking place every day—the successful manager of the past may become the bankrupt of the present. The prosperous theatre of the long-ago degenerates into a second-class hall—years roll on; and the company that once held spellbound New York's most fashionable audiences simmers down until but a mere shade of its former greatness remains to remind us of what it once was, what it is now. Vanity has left many a man to self-destruction—conceit has shorn many a vainglorious artist of his laurels, and left him exposed to the full glare of returning light. The brilliant galaxy of talent that reigned when the elder Wallack lived and exhibited his managerial tact and artistic ability, seems to have died out with the son of the old manager; and though the mantle of the father might have rested with becoming grace upon the shoulders of the son, yet the latter has not shown his aptitude for the fitness of things, but has permitted the garment to fall away from him, piece by piece, until there is but a shred left to remind us of the greatness of the original owner, a mere patch to connect the elder with the son. Where are they now? Where are all those great spirits that made Wallack's Theatre famous in the past? Some are lying beneath the turf, awaiting the call that shall summon them to an eternal presence. In the wreck of retirement of private life, a few are rounding off the sharp edges of public criticism, and by their gentle natures and benevolent actions disarming malevolence, vindictiveness and envy. Others of that bright array are scattered, until but two or three remain in the original package. Gone are the great lights of the once model theatre, dim are the shadows that occupy their places; yet to memory dear are the recollections of the years of enjoyment vouchsated to us when, "in the hands of men entirely great," that leading house of histrionic fame set before its bills of fare as we've again can hope to see within its walls. And so we go: as one falls, another rises. One man's discomfiture is another man's opportunity. As the candles flicker and finally leave one place in a semiclipse, we see another looming up grandly in a flood of light, until the former is obscured and lost sight of. "*Sic vivimus vivemus*;" let us live while we live.....When Genet is caught, we suggest that the captured and his captor be exhibited at one of our leading theatres in a series of living tableaux, with colored lights, solemn music and slow curtain. This thing will pay, if the principal artist can be secured.....Free soup is well enough in its place, when skillfully dealt out by legitimate soup societies; but we protest against its being rung in on all occasions. In a late Kansas paper it was announced that, at a lecture to be given there a local choir would "punish some soup." Although well aware of the ravenous appetites of free singers, and of their willingness to take in whatever of provender might be offered for their recreation and sustenance, we were nevertheless loth to believe that even a Kansas choir had sunk so low as to go to soup in so free a style of diet. We wrote to the choir on the subject—we appointed a committee to investigate the charge, with power to send for persons and soup—but all to no purpose. No one could enlighten us. Then it was suggested to get out a bench-warrant, directed to the sheriff of the county, commanding him to have him (the editor), then and there, to answer concerning a case of soup. That clinched it, that unraveled the problem. In an affidavit covering six hundred folios of law paper, our contemporary solemnly swears that instead of saying that the local choir would *punish some soup*, as printed, he distinctly wrote: "will furnish some songs." This relieves the editor of all responsibility, and saves the choir from the punishment so erroneously accorded to them.....*"Our Jim"* is a strange mixture of incongruities and idiosyncracies. Like Darwin's monkey, James is imitative; like masked burglars, he is ambitious of seeing the ins and outs of things. Jim went to see the Indian box-trick performed. He never saw anything to compare with it. It was, to use his own expressive language, "the cheese." By sneaking behind the scenes, and carrying a glass of whiskey to "the man whom done the trick," the truthful James believed he had learned how to do it. He imparted the secret to one of his chums, a young feller, one of those "whose names were never born to die"—Smith. So Jim inducted his pard to be "it," and to enter the box, as you are aware. A private exhibition was given to a select few who had agreed to pay for the oysters and beer. It was a moment of anxiety to all. The paraphernalia was on hand, as were the oysters and beer. Jim shivered the spectators the empty box, and then enjoined upon the committee to close and lock it securely, and take some beer. Then James enveloped his pard in the sack, and tied it and sealed it. Then he placed a screen before the show, and invited the entire audience to go next door, and enjoy themselves over beer and oysters while he seen to sich things. Then he called 'em back, removed the screen, and thus soliloquized: "My friends, this box-trick comes from the Injies. Only a few of us know how to do it. Your committee locked that box and tied and sealed it; your committee socked the young man in that bag. Now, look sharp." (*Voice from the box*—"Hurry up, I'm smothering!") Here James removed the screen, and tossed aloft the bag to show that Smithy wasn't in it. "Now, then, if the committee will open that box, they will see what a great trick this is." Hereupon the committee endeavored to unsock the box. ("Murder! Murder!" from within.) "You see," said Jim, "what this trick is going to be." In vain the committee tugged away at the lock. ("Let me out! Yer a-killin' me! *Murder! Murder!*") The spectators were awe-struck. The sounds from within the box became fainter. "I'm a dyin'—let me out!" James was worried. The trick didn't seem to work right. He became alarmed when the committee failed to open the box; so he rushes down into the cellar, seizes an axe, and splits the box to pieces, just in time to save Smithy's life, as he was frothing at the mouth, and his eyes were set. A physician was called in, who prescribed the proper remedies, and after hours of patient suffering the young feller came to. James accounted for the failure of the trick by the fact that while he was giving the spectators oysters and beer some unprincipled wag bonds had *screwed down the lid of the box*, thus rendering it inoperative, to the disgust and discomfiture of James and his pard. The Indian box-trick is not any more in the youth's repertoire.....Would it not be more appropriate to call the new iron structure at Broadway, Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets, the "Colosseum of Roads?".....In view of the scarcity of change at some of our first-class theatres, would it not be well for the managers to secure some of the "change-artl-ts" now performing at our variety theatres?.....At the Metropolitan they have been doing an excellent business. "Our Dead Shot" Our friends must not suppose that this denotes, literally, the shooting of the dead; for Manager Butler would not permit such a desecration. We make this explanation because in these queer times there is a great lack of comprehension. Even ex-Sheriff Brennan and his deputy Shields, would pose as the experts in legal lore, failed to understand and carry out the instructions of the Court when they were directed to carry out Harry Genet to prison; and, for so ill ing to understand, they have put their foot in it.....It is reported that Holman Unthank's picture of "The Mazeppa" has been sold for $50,000. It must not be supposed from this that any such sum would be given for the *reality*.....Circus performers are beginning to grease "the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow" flipflaps.....On our first page we present an illustration showing how a man may be mangled by ungrateful lions and tigers in an animal show. This will whet the appetites of our country cousins, who will flock to the menagerie show next season in hopes of witnessing just such another catastrophe. Such is life—and death!.....The anniversary of the battle of Jamaica, the 8th of January, fell behind the cotton bales at New Orleans, was a comparative failure, nothing remarkable being done in the show world to commemorate the event. If Andrew had to fight that battle over again, it would be unnecessary to get under cover of cotton bales. He would be able to stand his ground, as the ghosts of all of these performances, that further comment is unnecessary. In the latter piece, Miss Fanny Lee, who has a good stage presence, an excellent voice and a pretty face, created a very favorable impression by her acting of Louise. Mr. W. B. Canill, who had hitherto been seen on the American stage only in Irish characters or burlesque, astonished us by a display of light-comedy acting. His Irish dialect was scarcely perceptible, and he presented an extremely youthful and agreeable appearance, so skillfully was he made up. The other characters were satisfactorily acted. There will be no change in the performances during the present week. The Vokes Family will continue some two or three weeks longer, and then a new play from the pen of George Fawcett Rowe will be produced.

GEORGE H. ADAMS, during the week commencing Jan. 19, will perform at Wood's Museum at the matinees, and at the Olympic Theatre at the evening performances.

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN, whose untutored mind," etc., was given in all the glory of his war-paint at the Theatre Comique during the week just closed, and "there were several of him." We are told that they are of the tribe called the Comanches, and the vehicle of their introduction was a new and original dramatic sketch from the pen of F. G. Maeder, entitled "The Scalpers, or Life on the Plains," in which the author acted the chief character, a scout of the Buffalo Bill type, who rejoices in the soubriquet of Rattling Ned. It illustrates the old, old story of a white renegade leading a tribe of Indians on marauding expeditions against the white settlers upon our Western frontier; the capture of the scout, and his rescue by other Indians just at the moment that he is to suffer death by torture; and the burning of much gunpowder and red fire. The festive Indian, as he is portrayed in romances as possessing high aspirations and speaking language almost poetical, is indeed brave and noble; but seen in real life he is but "an or'nary cuss," filled with cunning and deceit. These Comanche braves had a sheepfaced look, and apparently one lithe, active disciple of the P. R. could "clean out" the whole half-dozen at less time than it takes to open them lines. They gave a "Scalp Dance," which was illustrated as follows: Five braves were seated in a semicircle, and as four of them pounded the stage with the handles of their tomahawks, the fifth beat the "Indian drum," while the sixth, a big chief, performed a dance which bore a striking resemblance to the plantation dance of a very aged negro; and he occasionally "tooted" on a whistle. It was not lively, neither was it inspiriting, and one could almost imagine that he was the party about to be scalped, instead of his performing that cheerful, head-ventilating act for others. For dramatic purposes, we have a decided preference for the white man made up as an Indian; for he at least looks brave and noble, though in reality he might not amount to much on the scalp. We would give more to see the late Edwin Forrest as Metamora, than the combined tribes which infest our Western plains. The other characters in the drama, save that of Aggy O'Brien, which was acted in a sprightly and vivacious manner by Rena, were impersonated by the regular company of the Comique. After the drama the usual variety performances were given. Frank Converse, James M. McKee and Miss Josephine Walby being the first appearances. Frank Converse gave an exhibition of his skill in banjo-playing, proving that he has a wonderful command of that instrument. He performed a number of artistic variations on popular airs, sang songs with banjo accompaniment, and concluded by giving an excellent imitation of the Trinity bell chimes, performing upon two swinging banjos at the same time. James M. McKee sang comic songs, which had been hitherto heard at this theatre, but were nevertheless liberally applauded. Miss Josephine Walby, whose face and form are both pretty, was advantageously seen in a graceful skipping-rope dance. The remainder of the performances consisted of songs and changes by Little Jennie Yeamans, who was applauded, and who also danced a jig in a clever manner, exhibiting a great variety of steps, and wonderful command of limb; Barry and Johnson, comic songs by Mrs. John Wild; character dances by Kitty O'Neil; R. M. Carroll, who was thrice recalled, in the character song-and-dance "Me Father Sould Charcoal;" Kate O'Connor's Irish songs; clog-dancing by William Nunan and Alice Bateman; and the sketches of "Three Fast Men," "Dick Turpin and Tom King," and "A Night in a Strange Hotel," introducing Frank Kerns, John Wild, Charles White, James Bradley, R. Hall, and Miss Kitty Tilston, who reappeared after a long absence. The fresh attractions of the present week are to be Marie Zoe, who will act in "The Wizard Skiff," the Ah Toy Tedo Japanese Troupe, the Snow Brothers and their performing dogs, and John Williams the Lancashire dancer. Harrigan and Hart are to reappear, and a series of tableaux representing prominent events in the history of Ireland are to be exhibited. Beginning the week with

ously....Rev. Mr. Stevenson of Trinity Church, this city, was presented on the 9th, by the members of the Opera-house company, with an elegantly finished prayer book, as an humble mark of their appreciation of his services to the profession when sickness and death called for the kind offices of a Christian minister."

FROM BOSTON, MASS., our weekly report of amusements, dated Jan. 11, is as follows: "The long-promised 'Little Em'ly' has at last appeared, and the Boston Museum is nightly reaping its reward by a succession of full houses. The play itself is not new to Boston, having had a long and prosperous run about four years ago at the old Selwyn's Theatre. Its merits and demerits are, therefore, familiar to all our theatre-goers, and its present success is due more to the cast and the mounting it receives than to novelty in the piece itself; and both the cast and the mounting are something beyond the common. There are two scenes particularly worthy of mention—the wreck on the sands in the first act, and the cathedral scene in the second act. Both are very elaborately gotten up, and both are uncommonly handsome stage pictures. In the cast, Mary Cary once more carries off the honors by her exquisite impersonation of Little Em'ly, just as she carried them off four years ago at Selwyn's. The return to the ark in the last act is one of the most pathetic bits of acting we have ever witnessed. Susie Cluer was excellent as Rosa Dartle, a part peculiarly difficult from its innate repulsiveness. Laura Phillips as Martha surprised us by her really fine acting. Amy Ames as Mrs. Micawber was exceedingly good Amy Ames as Mrs. Micawber was exceedingly good in acting, and especially in make-up, and ably seconded Mr. Warren as Micawber. Of this last impersonation expectation was raised perhaps too high to be fully satisfied. Micawber is a part so difficult to portray that no one has as yet succeeded in rendering it satisfactorily. Both Robson and Raymond have but recently tried it, and both made comparative failures. When, therefore, it was announced that Mr. Warren would attempt the role for the first time, everyone hailed the announcement with delight, for it was believed that now at last the real Micawber would be shown us. Under these circumstances, it is but natural that some disappointment should be felt in the rendering. Still, the impersonation is an admirable one, and although it will not take rank with Mr. Warren's greatest triumphs, it is far above any rendering of the character we have ever before seen. Chas. Barron gave a good piece of acting as Dani. Peggotty, and W. H. Crisp surpassed himself as Ham, his make-up being peculiarly worthy of praise. W. J Lemoyne renewed his triumph as Uriah Heep, the role he played when the piece was brought out at Selwyn's. He was Uriah Heep himself throughout. Charles Stevenson gave a quiet, gentlemanly portrayal of the brief part of Steerforth, and J. Nolan was moderately successful as Traddles. Mrs. J. R. Vincent as Betsey Trotwood was quite canny, and J. W. Shannon as Wickfield and J. H. Ring as Mrs. Gummidge were satisfactory. As before remarked, the houses have been densely crowded, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, and the prospects are that the piece has entered upon a long and prosperous run....The Naiad Queen' and 'Robin Hood' at the Boston Theatre are to be withdrawn after Jan. 17. Frank Mayo and Rosa Rland open on the 9th. They remain two weeks, and will then be followed by the Strakosch Opera Troupe, with Nilsson.....The rebuilding of the Globe Theatre by Mr. Arthur Cheney seems to be pretty well determined upon. Rumor says—and this time not absolutely without foundation—that Mr. Cheney has organized an association of gentlemen who have subscribed for stock to the value of $200,000, and that as soon as certain legal troubles in regard to a right of way are removed the rebuilding will be commenced. The new theatre will be much larger than the old one, an additional lot of land adjoining the old lot, and containing about 11,000 feet, having been secured. It will be built to seat 2,000 people, and there will be large and comfortable lobbies, coat rooms, lounging-rooms, etc., which were much needed in the other theatre. This good news is followed by still another rumor to the effect that Wyzeman Marshall is raising subscriptions for the purpose of building a theatre at the South-end, somewhere about the corner of Berkeley and Tremont streets. Properly managed, there is room for both of these theatres in Boston, and it is sincerely hoped that both reports are something more than the invention of Dame Rumor. What is wanted, however, is another legitimate stock theatre for the production of standard comedies and stock pieces, rather than a star theatre. The success of the Museum this season proves this, and the contract has been given on the carpenter work of a stock and as a star theatre proves it still more conclusively. The Museum played nothing but standard comedies for the first three months of the present season, drawing large houses at every performance; and followed that by forty-three performances in five weeks of the German Opera troupe. Then one has an antidote for the ark in the last act is one of the most pathetic bits of acting we have ever witnessed. Susie Cluer was excellent as Rosa Dartle, a part peculiarly difficult from its innate repulsiveness. Laura Phillips as Martha surprised us by her really fine acting.

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FRANK QUEEN, Ed. and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

CIRCUS MANAGERS REQUIRING NEW GAS CHANDELIERS, or repairing done, may insure prompt attention by sending their orders at once to JAMES KIDD, 118 Maiden lane, New York. 42-13t*

MISS NELLIE FORRESTER, SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST, made her first appearance on the 15th inst. at Enoch's Varieties, Phila., with great success. Open for engagement after the 17th. Has a fine wardrobe, etc. Address until the 17th at Enoch's Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa. 42-1t*

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TOMMY HAYWOOD, THE FAVORITE CLOWN, (Late with O'Brien's Consolidated Show), Also Ethiopian Comedian, Song and Dance Man, etc., can be engaged for the season of 1874. Responsible Managers will please address, care NEW YORK CLIPPER office, N. Y. 42-1t*

VICTORELLI FAMILY and MISS A. BRADDON have concluded their fifth engagement at Trimble's, Pittsburgh, and are re-engaged for April 13. Open at Mortimer's, Philadelphia, Jan. 19. Address care of CLIPPER office. 42-1t*

HARRY TALBOTT, ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN and END-MAN, can be engaged after Jan. 19. Address 37 Chatsworth street, Baltimore, Md. 42-1t*

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS. BOYCE AND FRANCIS, Gymnasts and Acrobats, are at liberty for the tenting season of 1874, or for Variety Theatres. Business: Horizontal Bar and Trapeze; also, Tumblers and Leapers. Address GEORGE FRANCIS, 42-1t* 821 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

MUSICAL BOX WANTED. 42-1t* THEO. H. HARBACH, Philadelphia, Pa.

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This house is one of the FINEST BUILT IN THE STATE. ITS DIMENSIONS ARE 150 FEET BY 75 FEET, WITH 30-FEET CEILING.
The stage is fitted up with thirty changes of scenery, border lights, footlights, traps, etc., suitable for any first-class plays. The seats are cushioned all through the house, and its whole arrangement is in the most approved style. No charge for bill-boards. A. J. SINN, Prop'r. 42-13t

MAGIC-LANTERNS & SLIDES WANTED. Magic-lanterns and Slides for sale low. 42-26t* THEO. J. HARBACH, Philad'a, Pa.

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NOTE.—Some few weeks during the latter part of this season are yet open to engagements for Stars or Combinations in Washington, Congress will likely remain in session until June 1. 40-4t

ED. MARBLE'S MUSICAL BURLESQUE SKETCHES. ROMEO AND JULIET, MAG'S NEW DELAINE, GUY MANOUVERING, HAMLET, LADY OF LYONS, MACBETH, RIP VAN WINKLE, MARRIED IN DEATH, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR MINSTREL AND VARIETY USE, all of which have met with unparalleled success at Myer's Opera-house, Chicago. Copies of the above may be had at reasonable rates by addressing HARRY DEAKIN, 39-4t* Manager Grand Opera-house, Milwaukee, Wis.

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TO GYMNASTS. C. H. HAWKINS, No. 112 E. 13th st., N. Y., maker of gymnastic apparatus, horizontal bars, with steel rod in, &c. Diploma from American Institute, 1872. 30-13t*

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LEGITIMATE SHOWMEN.—FOR SALE OR TO LET, a first-class Irish Panorama, entirely new, now on the road with a good company, and doing a good business. The present owner cannot travel with it, and every showman knows that is sufficient reason for selling. To a good man, who will give security, this is an excellent chance to make the price of it before he buys. No irresponsible person need apply. Address THOMAS FLAHERTY, 41-2t 230 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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JOSEPH K. EMMET JOSEPH K. EMMET, JOSEPH K. EMMET, JOSEPH K. EMMET, as **FRITZ,** OUR COUSIN GERMAN. EMMET, EMMET, EMMET, JOSEPH K. EMMET, JOSEPH K. EMMET, **CONTINUES TRIUMPHANT,** AND IS GREETED WITH **CROWDED HOUSES EVERYWHERE.** PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—As has been stated on previous occasions, Jos. K. Emmet is popular with the people of Pittsburgh—very popular, in fact; and this was more than verified by the very large audience gathered at the Academy of Music, last evening, to welcome him home after an absence of two years. Every part of the house was filled by people who went, knowing that they were to be entertained by the best dialect actor now on the stage. The reception accorded the actor on his first appearance was a most cordial one; and, had he felt ever so much embarrassed, it must certainly have at once put him en rapport with his friends in front. "Fritz, our Cousin German," has been greatly changed since it was last produced here, and in every instance for the better. New stage-business has been introduced, adapted to Mr. Emmet's peculiarly graceful style, all of which he makes the most of. The songs sung by Fritz are all new, some very funny, and all excellent. The most pleasing to our mind was "The Mountain Guide," given in the second act. Mr. Emmet is a capital singer, and has much improved in this as in other respects. His acting is perfectly natural, and his humor unctuous and all pervading. He makes the transition from mirth to sadness without straining or overacting, being throughout the straightforward, simple and tender-hearted, yet shrewd young German. His solos on the mouth-organ and other instruments were wondrously well played, and received the warmest plaudits. The piece was well mounted and set, Manager Beamer having made preparations in advance in these particulars. As it will be the attraction throughout the week at the Academy, there will be a succession of such houses as are rarely seen inside the walls of that theatre.—PITTSBURGH COMMERCIAL, Dec. 30, 1873.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—At three o'clock yesterday afternoon every seat in the parquet, parquet-circle and dress-circle of the Academy of Music had been sold, and when the curtain rose at eight o'clock not even standing room was to be had in the house. Over $2,500 was taken in at the ticket-office during the day. Emmet's engagement is one of the most successful ever played in this city. To-night he makes his last appearance in "Fritz." When he comes again he will find a hearty welcome awaiting him.—PITTSBURGH LEADER, Jan. 3, 1874.

FORD'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—There are few actors on the stage who have the power to diffuse enjoyment among a miscellaneous audience equal to Mr. Jos. K. Emmet. His is a curious and rare genius, which enables him to encircle his impersonations with a magnetism of sympathy and interest that is only exhausted when he makes his exit from the stage. This marvellous power he exhibits in a high degree in his personation of Fritz. In this central figure he wins the most earnest attention from the very beginning, and holds it tenaciously in all the various phases of his career. He is a genuine gentleman of character-acting at once fresh and original, entirely out of the beaten track, revealing the surpassing genius of the artist, and accounting for that favor of which he is in so large a measure the recipient. "Fritz" to-night for the last time but one.—BALTIMORE NEWS, Jan. 7.

FORD'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—"Fritz" was produced last night to a packed house, the audience growing in upon the lower tiers so greatly that there was hardly standing room. To-night, "Max the Merry Swiss Boy," will be produced.—BALTIMORE AMERICAN, Jan. 8.

FORD'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—Mr. Jos. K. Emmet played "Fritz" last night to a packed house. There is a charm and freshness about the character that, like "Rip Van Winkle," it can be witnessed over and over again without becoming monotonous or tedious. As Fritz, Mr. Emmet infuses into the character the true, natural elements of his genius, and his sweet-toned voice, expressive action and sincere method, all go to designate him as one of the finest conceptions of the modern stage. To-night he plays his new drama of "Max the Merry Swiss Boy."—BALTIMORE NEWS, Jan. 8.

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CINCINNATI, O., JAN. 19, TWO WEEKS. 42-1t

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ED. BANKER, America's change artist and Ethiopian comedian, assisted by MISS FLORENCE WELLS, danseuse and character actress, commences at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 12, for one week. Managers wishing their services will address as above. [1t*

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